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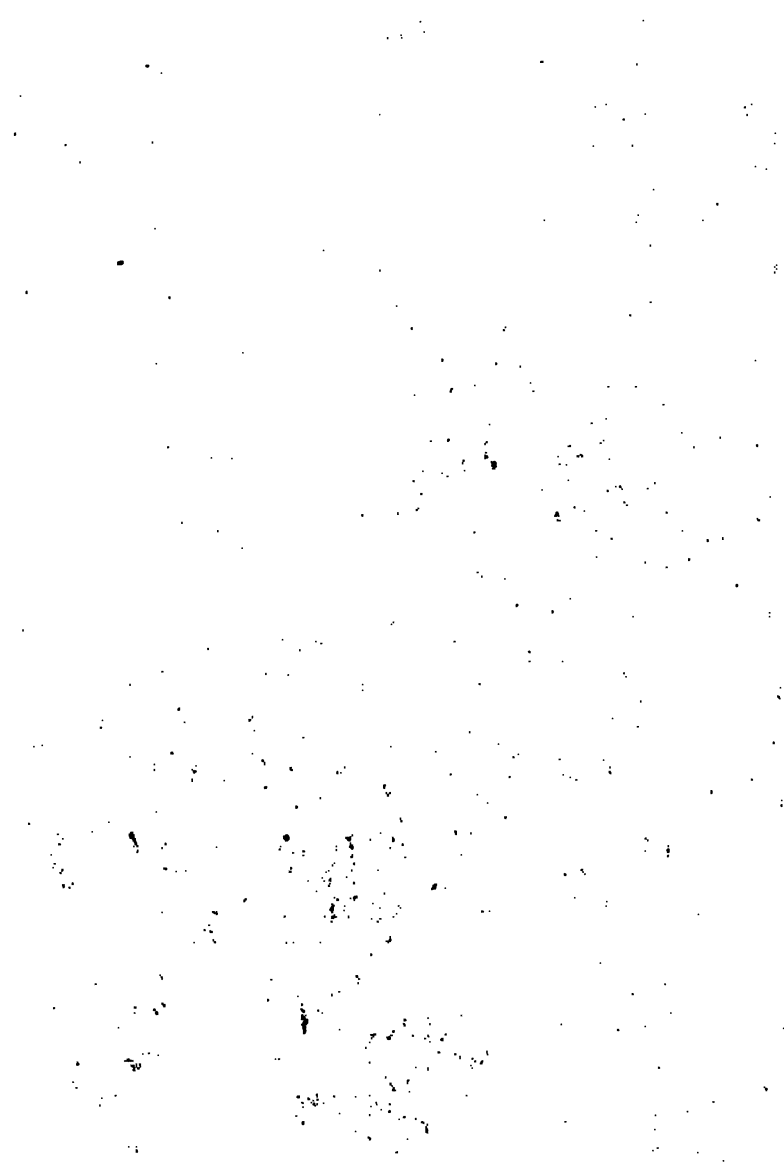
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Prof. Bump's Lecture on the "Missing Links."

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ONE YEAR
IN
BRIARTOWN.

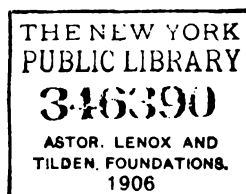
BY
LEWIS H. BOND.

Illustrated.

*"Baron of Bucklívie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces rive ye,
For building sic a town,
Where there's neither horse meat nor man's meat, nor a chair to sit down."*
Scotch Ballad.



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1879.



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To

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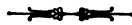
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WHO, AT THE AGE OF FOURSCORE AND TEN,
RETAINS HER MENTAL FACULTIES
UNIMPAIRED,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED.

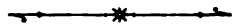
PREFACE.



HE author presents this book to the public under the impression that it illustrates some of the ludicrous phases of human nature.

The volume makes no great pretensions to literary merit, and if it shall be the means of affording relaxation to the weary its mission will have been fully accomplished.

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BY WILL H. DRAKE.



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One Year in Briartown.

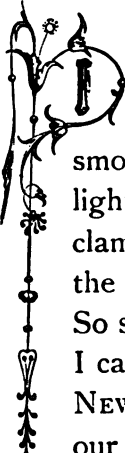


CHAPTER I.

A VISITATION FROM MR. AND MRS. NEWMANE.

*"As thistles wear the softest down
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near,
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats."*

HUDIBRAS.



IT would be so nice to live in the country where the air was pure and free from the smoke and dust of the city. It would be so delightful to rear our fragrant honeysuckles and clambering vines and lovely flowers, and enjoy the shaded lawn where our children could play. So SHE said to my wife. I heard all about it when I came home in the evening from my office. MRS. NEWMANE, from Briartown, had recently heard of our whereabouts, and had called that afternoon, and was so glad to renew an old acquaintance, and had described in the glowing colors above set forth the

beauties of a home in the rural regions of Briartown, where she and her husband, Mr. Elegy Newmaine were then domiciled. I will here state that when I was a very small boy I had seen this Mrs. Newmaine before her marriage. She was then of an uncertain age, with small, deep-sunken eyes, thin lips, and high cheek-bones, who always spoke in an affected whisper, while at the same time she cocked her head on one side like an ancient crow inspecting a furrow. The boys of the village where she then lived insisted that she held her head on one side to keep it on, for when she spoke her mouth extended so far around that there was danger of decapitation; but that statement was an undoubted exaggeration, for I know myself that her mouth did n't extend around more than half-way. I expressed some surprise at this unexpected visit from Mrs. Newmaine, and was filled with forebodings that it would not be the last.

Sure enough, the next evening when I returned home, whom should I find snugly ensconced in the parlor but Mrs. Newmaine, and with her a diminutive individual whom I had never before seen, who was introduced to me as her husband, Mr. Elegy Newmaine, of Briartown. Mr. Newmaine at once seized me by the hand, and with great emotion declared that although it was the first time we had ever met, he felt as though we had always been friends. He had a pale, corpse-like complexion,



B

A New Acquaintance.

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small, glassy gray eyes, long hair that hung to his shoulders, and his face wore an expression of craftiness that I shall never forget. With as much composure as under the circumstances I could exhibit, I assured the gentleman of my unbounded consideration, not for himself alone, but for the lovely and amiable Mrs. Newmaine, with whom I had been acquainted from my earliest childhood. As I said this I caught a reproving glance from my wife in deprecation of the tinge of irony she had discovered in my words.

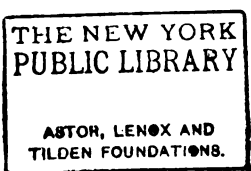
The effect of my compliment upon Mrs. Newmaine was instantaneous. She perched her head on one side and quivered with apparent delight as she whispered through her cavernous jaws: "How pleasant it is to meet old friends; I do *so* wish you would leave this smoky city and come and live in Briartown; it is such a lovely place, and it will be so much cheaper, and you can have all the advantages of the city, too; now *do* make up your minds to come."

Mr. Newmaine seconded his wife's remarks in an exceedingly glib-tongued and oily manner. According to his statements he had traveled in many lands and had seen nearly every thing that was worth looking at, but neither in the old world nor the new had he ever beheld so beautiful and attractive spot of earth as Briartown. During his visit at my house Mr. Newmaine informed me that he was an artist by profession and had

once received an urgent request from Queen Victoria to paint a portrait of her majesty; but that such was his aversion to monarchical principles that he had positively declined to do so, refusing the most tempting pecuniary offers and the personal solicitations of the prime minister. He also said that when in Switzerland he had been employed by the government of that country to paint a historical picture representing the patriot William Tell in the act of shooting an apple from the head of his son at the command of the tyrant Gessler; that after several years of labor he produced a picture that was so true to nature that one day while working upon it amid the wildest scenery of the Alps—for he had gone thither to catch its inspiration—an eagle soaring above him discovered the painting spread upon an easel, and, mistaking the portrait of Tell's little son for a real boy, had swooped down and fastened his talons upon it, and then rising in the air had carried away easel, painting, and all, causing thereby a loss to Mr. Newmaine of twenty thousand dollars; and, would I believe it? so life-like was the portrait of that child that the eagle never discovered his mistake until he had swallowed the canvas, for he was captured six months afterward with part of it in his craw and the remainder waving from his beak! Mr. Newmaine also stated that his professional efforts had created a profound impression in Briartown, where he had been



The Historical Painting.



previously engaged upon the portraits of several distinguished persons, prominent among them being the Hon. Bolivar Froth and the Rev. Slangy Sleuce, a celebrated English divine.

From the moment Mr. Newmaine first related to me his adventure with the Alpine eagle I was inclined to look with suspicion upon his statements, and when I ascertained a short time subsequently that the Hon. Bolivar Froth referred to by him was a callow youth with sheepish eyes and a pug nose, who ran errands for a living, and that the Rev. Slangy Sleuce was an individual whose knowledge of divinity had been acquired in the rear of a whisky bar, and the object of whose existence no mortal man had ever discovered, I was not in the least disturbed in my impressions.

Mr. Newmaine informed me that he should probably require my professional services in prosecuting a claim for damages against the Swiss government for the labor bestowed by him upon that historical painting, for which he had not as yet received any compensation. He based his claim upon the fact, he said, that the offending bird was a native of the country, and he had been advised by the Hon. Saintly Shammer, Attorney and Counselor at Law, of Briartown, that according to the principles of international law the natives of one country were entitled to compensation for damages inflicted upon them by the natives of another. He said it was

a matter of regret that he could not at present advance the funds necessary to defray any expenses incident to the prosecution of his claim; but he would be perfectly willing for me to do so, and reimburse myself from any moneys that might be recovered. If I desired any associate counsel he preferred the Hon. Sainly Shammer, of Briartown, who had already given an opinion in favor of the validity of his claim, and who had promised him that he would furnish the necessary pecuniary aid himself, if he could find any body—who would lend him the money. Mr. Newmaine informed me that there was still an additional reason why he desired the Hon. Sainly Shammer to be associated with me on his behalf. There had once been a powerful revival of religion in Briartown under the ministrations of the Rev. Slangy Sleuce, and a Sunday-school had been established with the Hon. Sainly Shammer in the lead as superintendent, which fact if turned to a proper account would lend to the contemplated proceedings against the Swiss government a moral impetus and religious atmosphere which would necessarily prove beneficial. He said that, of course, I would understand that he did n't believe the Hon. Sainly Shammer had any religion to speak of, but that the position imparted to him an air of sanctity, and I would be surprised to know what an influence he had obtained in Briartown ever since he had taken charge of that Sun-

day-school. He knew of a case where the Hon. Saintly Shammer had been appointed a trustee to manage the estate of a wealthy old citizen of Briartown who had become too infirm to attend to it himself, and had it not been for that Sunday-school, which the old man's family attended, Shammer would never have been thought of for the place. He had managed the trust so well that at the end of five years he owned the estate and the old gentleman had n't a cent; but as the old man died soon after it did n't make any difference to him *now*, and his family could attend the Sunday-school just the same. "That was the result of moral impetus and a religious atmosphere," said Mr. Newmaine, as he chuckled until he almost choked, while I wished from the bottom of my heart that he would.

Mr. and Mrs. Newmaine remained for tea, and then concluded to remain all night. After breakfast they stayed for dinner, and when I came home from the office in the evening they were undecided about starting until the next morning, and finally concluded to remain another day. To say that I was emphatic in my language as soon as a conversation alone with my wife presented itself is probably the mildest form of expression in which the fact can be stated; but all things have an ending, and Mr. and Mrs. Newmaine finally departed, not, however, until they had assured us that they would call again soon, and with a ghastly attempt

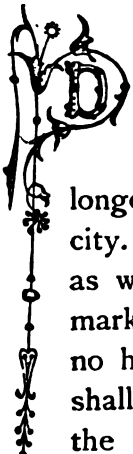
to smile an adieu to Mr. Newmaine and the angelic creature accompanying him, I closed the door, feeling a greater sense of relief than one who has just awakened from a nightmare.

CHAPTER II.

OUR REMOVAL TO THE "LOVELY SUBURB" OF BRIARTOWN.

*"Now from the town,
Buried in smoke and sleep and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields."*

THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

 DOCTOR COMANSEE, the physician attending our sick child, expresses the opinion that she can not recover if she continues much longer to breathe the heated atmosphere of the city. This conclusion we very much regret, but as we look upon the little wasted form and the marks of suffering in her innocent face, there is no hesitation as to what we will do. But where shall we go? As we converse upon this subject the postman delivers a letter addressed to my wife. She opens it and reads:

"BRIARTOWN, JUNE 20, 1872.

"MY DEAR MRS. ———: I can not surrender the hope that you and your estimable husband will yet conclude to make

your home in this lovely suburb. Mr. Newmaine requests me to write that there is an elegant house now vacant, situated but a short distance from our own, which he can secure for you, but that it will be necessary to notify him by return mail whether you desire it, as other parties are anxious to obtain a lease. Love to your children.

"Yours truly,

DAISY NEWMINE."

We had no knowledge of this "lovely suburb" other than from the representations of Mr. and Mrs. Newmaine, and yet the opportunity seemed so favorable for procuring a home such as we desired that, not without some hesitation, I addressed a letter to Mr. Elegy Newmaine, authorizing him to secure the premises for a greater or less period of time, as should seem to him most in accordance with my interests. Within a few days thereafter I received from Mr. Newmaine the following note :

"BRIARTOWN, JUNE 24, 1872.

"DEAR MR. ———: Your esteemed favor came to hand, and I have the pleasure of informing you that I have secured the elegant premises referred to in your letter upon the payment of one hundred dollars per month. The owner, Mr. Journal Plug, required a cash payment of three hundred dollars, which I have made and taken his receipt. You can have possession immediately. If my action is approved send word by the bearer. Yours truly,

"ELEGY NEWMINE."

The bearer referred to was an individual who stated that he was in the employ of Mr. Elegy Newmaine, and

was directed by him to "wait for an answer." Subsequently I ascertained that this person was Mr. Ananias Plug, a son of Mr. Journal Plug, the owner of the "elegant premises" in question, and I had reason to believe had been sent on this mission to qualify him for a witness. I requested him to say to Mr. Newmaine that the contract met my approval, and that I would refund him his advances as soon as I removed my family, which I intended to do without further delay. It occurred to me then as somewhat singular that Mr. Newmaine should have the ability and disposition to pay this money without being requested to do so, especially when I remembered the losses he had sustained by the destruction of his great historical painting, and the indisposition he had manifested to furnish funds to prosecute his claim against the Swiss government; but it did not occur to me at that time that he and Mr. Journal Plug had arranged a plan to obtain the money and appropriate it between them.

Preparations were immediately begun for our removal to Briartown. I had in my employ a trusty youth, who, at the baptismal font, had been christened WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON OXTOBEE FIX. OXTOBEE was his mother's maiden name, and his father had been a soldier under the hero of Tippecanoe. We usually addressed Mr. Fix briefly as William Henry. In writing his name Mr. Fix always insisted upon discarding

abbreviations, although before he completed his autograph it usually extended the length of two lines of letter paper of the ordinary size. He was not only a very shrewd young man, but exceptionally good-humored. There was one stanza in the nature of a conundrum which he frequently repeated, and it seemed to afford him a great deal of satisfaction. Especially when absorbed in contemplation or puzzled in mind would he mutter in an unconscious sort of way:

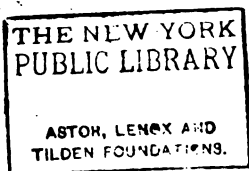
"My grandfather's name was Oxtobee,
But still he was no *calf*,
If you will only cross the *t*,
You 'll find the other half."

It was some time before I was able to understand the meaning of the last two lines of this enigma, and had it not been that Mr. Fix finally explained that "Alf" was the first name of the ancestor he so poetically referred to, in all probability the mystery would have remained unsolved.

Briartown was distant ten miles, and it was arranged that the household goods should be transported there in wagons under the superintendence of Mr. Fix and Bridget, our female domestic, and that after carpets had been put down and furniture arranged the family should take passage in a palace car for the same destination over the Galoot and Vinegar Slip Railroad.



Removal to Briartown.



In accordance with this programme, after a great deal of packing and handling, the wagons, with Mr. Fix and Bridget in the lead, set out for that "lovely suburb," so rosily described by Mr. and Mrs. Newmaine, and on the next day after we had taken the train but a brief period elapsed until the conductor announced our arrival at—BRIARTOWN.

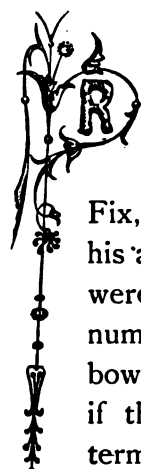
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CHAPTER III.

THE "ELEGANT PREMISES"—MR. NEWMANE'S COMPLICATION
OF AILMENTS—DOCTOR VERMIFUGE CACKLE'S
MISFORTUNE.

*"Drunk?—and speak parrot?—and squabble?—swagger?
Swear?—and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?"*

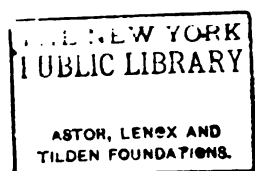
OTHELLO.

 EACHING the platform of the station we looked around us with amazement! Surely there is some mistake! At this instant Mr. Fix, who had been waiting for our arrival, made his appearance. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Newmaine were there to greet us, but in their stead were a number of gawky fellows with arms to their elbows in their pockets, who gazed and stared as if they experienced the greatest difficulty in determining whether we belonged to this world or had descended from the moon.

"William Henry, where *is* the town?" exclaimed my wife.



A Lovely Suburb.



"That's just what I've been tryin' to find out ma'am, but I can't quite make it."

"William Henry, where is the house Mr. Newmaine has engaged for us?" said I.

"Well sir, I've found that, I s'pose; but it's not the crystal palace, if you'll take my word for it. There's just one room and an attic up-stairs, and one room and a kitchen down, and—"

"A cellar?" suggested my wife.

"No, there ain't any cellar, but there is—"

"A cistern?"

"No, there ain't any cistern, but—"

"A well?"

"No, there ain't any well; but there's a spring and a good-sized creek down there, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee; but still he was no calf, if—"

"William Henry."

"Sir."

"Just show us to the house and never mind that conundrum."

And Mr. Fix slowly and deliberately piloted us through the shallowest depths of mud he could find, until at last we reached the "elegant premises" that had been so kindly engaged for our occupation by Mr. Newmaine in that "lovely suburb."

Bridget and Mr. Fix had made the best arrange-

ments for our reception that they were able to do, and although the house was an old frame that had seen service for half a century and "laid clear out of doors with nothin' round it but a rail fence and a wood pile," as Mr. Fix asserted, we were not as uncomfortably situated as, under the circumstances, might be supposed. The contrast between the dark walls of the ancient and dilapidated building and the comparatively new and modern furniture that had adorned our former home, and which had been conveyed thither in the wagons, was painfully apparent, and my wife suggested that we had better vacate the premises as soon as possible. This proposition I would gladly have acceded to, but I had parted with the possession of my own house for the period of one year from the day of our departure for Briartown, and I sadly remembered that Mr. Newmaine acting on my instructions had entered into an agreement with Mr. Journal Plug, and had also advanced him three hundred dollars for a full quarter's rent.

"We have plenty of fresh air out here anyhow," said I, trying to find some consolation in the situation.

"And plenty of fresh water, and plenty of room—out of doors—that's as certain as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee, but still—"

"William Henry, keep still."

Mr. Fix relapsed into silence as he busied himself



An Elégant Residence.

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pasting a newspaper over a portion of the wall from which the plastering had fallen.

"Och, sure I've niver seen the likes of this since meself and me big brother Sandy—"

"Bridget, just keep your mouth shut about that big brother of your'n," interrupted Mr. Fix.

"Och, ye spalpeen, is it the likes of ye who is always a comparin' of yer poor ould grandfather, rest his sowl, to oxen and bastes, to be castin' yer dispersions on me brother?"

"I was n't sayin' nothin' agin *his* mouth, was I? I did n't say that when I was in Kentucky every body knowed about the mouth of 'big Sandy.'"

"Och, sure, but it's fortunate yer poor ould grandfather was n't a calf, or since the likes of ye came into the world there wud be two of yees in one family."

"William Henry, keep quiet."

"Yes, sir."

And then Mr. Fix again relapsed into silence, as he busied himself pasting another newspaper over another portion of the wall, from which the plastering had fallen, while Bridget made an exit to the kitchen, evidently in an exalted state of unamiability.

Not having seen or heard any thing of Mr. or Mrs. Newmaine since our arrival, I concluded on the following day that, in company with Mr. Fix, I would make

a short tour of observation, and the railroad station seeming to be the nearest inhabited locality I started in that direction. Arriving at that point I observed a number of the same awkward fellows whom we had seen on our arrival, apparently very much excited over the occupants of a large road wagon. Flat upon some straw, in the bottom of the vehicle, sat a man gesticulating wildly. His clothing was disordered, and his hat was mashed into inconceivable shapes. By his side, to prevent him from falling, was a stout fellow, with sleeves rolled up, upon whose arm, tattooed in ink, appeared the name of "D. Dirt."

"Lemme go, she's all oak. Whoop la!" shouted the man, as he made ineffectual efforts to release himself from his keeper.

"Drunk as a b'iled owl," remarked Mr. Fix.

"You're a liar, and the biggest scoundrel in the State!" screeched a female voice in Mr. Fix's ear, who started as if he had been shot, and immediately began repeating his favorite conundrum.

I recognized that voice in an instant. Shades of the furies! it is her—it is Mrs. Newmaine. Then it dawned upon me that he who sat upon the straw in the bottom of that two-horse wagon was none other than Mr. Elegy Newmaine, the great historical painter for the Swiss government. Mrs. Newmaine, who stood before me, did not, in all respects, resemble the same

person who had honored us with her presence before our removal to Briartown. Not that she did not possess the same general appearance, but there was an absence of that suavity of manner and gentleness of speech, which was so much in contrast with the revelations of her face and features.

"I'll show the villain that he sha' n't abuse an innocent family, when every body knows that Mr. Newmaine is not drunk, but suffering from a sun-stroke. I'll sue you for slander, sir," said Mrs. Newmaine, in a loud voice, as she shook her fist under Mr. Fix's nose.

"I did n't say he was n't sun-struck, did I? I was only a comparin' of him to an animal what never drinks nothin', and there ain't any slander in that, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee."

At this moment Mrs. Newmaine cast a malignant glance at me, but said nothing, yet I felt that henceforth she was my implacable foe. Not that I had said or done aught to her, but she evidently realized that, after what I had witnessed, I could not be deceived by the pretensions and professions of herself and husband.

"I think Mr. Newmaine has softening of the brain," said a foxy-looking man, wearing an ancient hat, whose original color of white had turned to yellow, whom I ascertained subsequently was the Hon. Saintly Shammer.

"I think Mr. Newmaine has the cholera," asserted a gaunt-looking person, who proved to be none other

that the so-called Rev. Slangy Sleuce, who for many years had kept the "Jim Jam" saloon, and sold "cholera medicine" at five cents a drink the whole year round.

"Mr. Newmaine is evidently suffering from an acute attack of periostracum," said Doctor Vermifuge Cackle, a short, fat man, with green goggles, who carried a walking-stick and looked very solemn, as he felt of Mr. Newmaine's attenuated extremities. "Give him," he continued, "a pint and a half of my Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark, and in two hours and seven minutes after the first dose bleed, purge, and blister him freely. If he is not better, then try a bottle of my—"

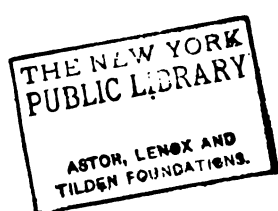
The rest of this prescription is lost to mankind, for just at that moment Mr. Newmaine, by a violent effort, released himself from control, and pulling out of his coat pocket a pint bottle of Slangy Sleuce's cholera medicine, he brought it down with great precision upon Doctor Cackle's head, and with another blow knocked his green goggles far over an adjacent fence.

"Whoop 'er up. Hurray!" shouted Mr. Newmaine, while Doctor Cackle wiped the cholera admixture from his eyes and gasped for breath.

The sound of Mr. Newmaine's voice was lost in the noise of Doctor Cackle's wrath, for no sooner had that gentleman sufficiently recovered to enable him to speak



A Complication of Ailments.



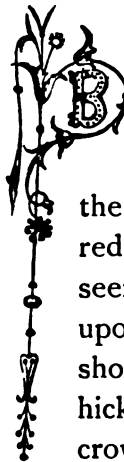
than he roared to the driver of the wagon: "Move on with the miserable, drunken sot. Go on, I say, or I'll soften his brain with the end of this stick," and Doctor Cackle flourished his cane with apparently no thought of his "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark." Crack went the driver's whip, as the wagon moved off at a rapid rate, and after it stalked Mrs. Newmaine and the Hon. Saintly Shammer, while Slangy Sleuce and a motley crowd of followers brought up the rear.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. FIX DISCOVERS A RELATIVE—DOWNFALL OF JUSTICE
SCALES—DOCTOR CACKLE'S DIAGNOSIS.

*"For men are brought to worse distresses
By taking physic than diseases,
And, therefore, commonly recover
As soon as doctors give them over."*

BUTLER.



BEFORE I had fairly recovered from my astonishment at what had taken place, and while Mr. Fix and myself stood gazing after the wagon as it disappeared in the distance, a red-faced man approached us, whose short legs seemed almost unable to bear the burden imposed upon them by his huge stomach. His fat jaws shook as he waddled along, aided by a huge hickory stick, and he wore an exceedingly low-crowned hat, with a stiff brim.

"Jack of Clubs," remarked Mr. Fix.

"Dreffle 'ot, gentlemen, dreffle 'ot," said the red-faced man, with a Yorkshire accent.

"Yes, old pill-bags did get a little hot toward the last. I s'pose she'll sue *him* for slander. He orter have compared his condition to an animal what never drinks nothin'," said Mr. Fix.

"Y-a-s, hoxen and 'orses and hanimals what drinks nothin'."

"Or a b'iled owl."

"A b'iled howl hain't han hanimal."

"I did n't say it was, did I? Who ever heard of a b'iled 'howl' I'd like to know?"

The countenance of the red-faced man assumed a deeper crimson, and fearing that Mr. Fix might involve us all in another antagonism than that of Mrs. Newmaine's, I interposed by saying that the weather was certainly very warm, and that Mr. Fix had entirely misunderstood the gentleman's remarks. This explanation seemed satisfactory to him, and at once restored harmony. He then informed me that his name was ANTHONY SCALES, Justice of the Peace, and that his office was situated over the Jim Jam saloon, and adjoining that of the Hon. Saintly Shammer. I also ascertained from him that Briartown consisted of a blacksmith shop, six dwellings, the railroad station, the Jim Jam saloon, with the offices above, and a grocery-store and post-office, over which was the hall of the

Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros, a secret society organized by Adam, preserved by Noah in the Ark, transmitted by the lost tribes of Israel to the Hindoos, and by them introduced throughout the world. He also invited me to call at his office, which I could readily find by his sign—"A Scales."

"I s'pose you keep hay scales to weigh out justice. It must be a hefty article to tackle, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee."

As Mr. Fix pronounced the name of Oxtobee Mr. Anthony Scales started so suddenly that he dislodged his low-crowned hat, and it fell at his feet. Vainly he sought to recover it from the ground, for, in spite of his utmost efforts, his huge stomach protruded far above and over the spot where it laid.

"Turn over on your back, judge, and keep your digestive apartments up, if you want to recover that property," said Mr. Fix.

"William Henry, get the gentleman his hat," said I; and Mr. Fix stooped down and picked it up, and after a critical examination, during which he pronounced it the "most doggondest" article he had ever seen, returned it to Mr. Scales, who, having recovered his equanimity, and his cranial covering as well, gazed intently into Mr. Fix's eyes.

"You can't mesmerize me lookin' that way. I always likes to be mesmerized lookin' at a dollar. When

that big professor give his show at Pullit's school-house he never could do nothin' with me till he put a dollar in my hand what I could look at, and then I got the 'fluence right away. When the phenomener got over me I just stowed that dollar in my vest pocket, and when the professor said, 'Mr. Fix, will you please hand me that coin?' somehow the thing would n't work, and I could n't do nothin'; but when he said, 'Mr. Fix, you are now General Jackson,' I just reared 'round, and told 'em I could lick any man in Ameriky; and when he said, 'Mr. Fix, now you are intoxicated,' I carried on worse than a chap whats got sun-stroke, softenin' of the brain, cholera, and periostakem all together."

During the recital of this personal reminiscence Mr. Scales continued to stare at Mr. Fix, and finally exclaimed:

"Was your grandfather's name Hoxtobee?"

"I was n't present when the old gentleman got his namin', judge, but accordin' to second hand, I s'pose my grandfather's name was Oxtobee; but still he was no calf, if you will only cross the c you'll find the other half."

"Half Hoxtobee?"

"Yes; I s'pose I'm about half that kin, judge; and there might be a worse fix," and Mr. Fix glanced at me to discover the effect of this display of wit.

"Half Hoxtobee was my uncle, and his daughter, Susan Jane Hoxtobee, married Leonidas Pedro Fix, who was a soldier, and—"

"My father," said Mr. Fix.

At this instant Mr. Scales made an ineffectual effort to embrace his newly discovered relative, but despite his utmost efforts seconded by those of Mr. Fix, his huge stomach presented an insurmountable barrier to the accomplishment of his wishes, until finally Mr. Fix, by a sudden spring upward and forward, clasped his arms around his kinsman's neck, resting himself in a horizontal position, where he remained until Mr. Scales, whose legs unfortunately were unable to sustain the additional weight, suddenly fell backward to the ground. The effects of this mishap were far more serious for Mr. Scales than Mr. Fix, for the latter being uppermost did not experience the slightest shock, poised upon the elastic and capacious form beneath him.

"Hoh, Lord! My back's broke. Bring the doctor, quick," groaned Mr. Scales.

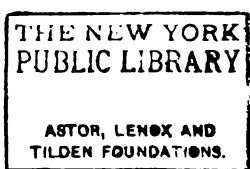
"I s'pose the judge feels a little bit cast down," remarked Mr. Fix, as he surveyed his fallen friend.

"Hoh, Lord! I shall die. Carry me to the 'ouse."

"If I was mesmerized with a dollar, and thought I was Samson tacklin' the gates of Gaza, I could n't do that, judge; but if it's all the same to you, I'll charter the wagon what that chap and the sun-stroke, softenin'



An Affectionate Embrace.



of the brain, cholera, and perryhostakem occupied as pardners."

The depot agent at Briartown, Mr. Loquacious Snag, had been a witness of the disaster to Mr. Scales, and at my request hastily departed in search of Doctor Cackle. He soon returned with that gentleman, and by the combined strength of all present, the fallen magistrate was lifted to a perpendicular position and landed safely upon a bench within the depot. Doctor Cackle immediately began an examination by passing his hands along the back and sides of his patient. Then he heaved a sigh of great solemnity and paced across the room. For a few moments he preserved a painful silence; then, returning, he took the hand of the injured man in his and said:

"Mr. Scales, if you have any temporal matters you wish to arrange there is no time to be lost. Your spinal column has been disjoined, causing an elongation of the marrow, and every rib in your body is broken. There is also an extravasation of blood in the brain, a rupture of the larger vessels of the heart, a paralysis of the nerve centers, and congestion of the liver. You have Bright's disease of the kidneys, dropsy, tape-worm, and shingles. With such a complication of ailments there is only a bare possibility of your recovery. That one chance depends entirely upon the use of my Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark."

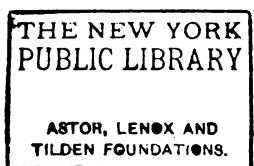
Mr. Loquacious Snag, who for some time past had led the singing in the Sunday-school presided over by the Hon. Saintly Shammer, and who apparently was desirous of wafting the spirit of the unfortunate man to its celestial abode upon the wings of melody, here turned away weeping, and began to sing the old familiar hymn :

“I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.”

The alarming diagnosis made by Doctor Cackle produced a profound impression upon all, and especially upon Mr. Scales, who, horrified beyond expression at finding himself the embodiment of a first-class hospital, suddenly sprang to his feet and, in utter disregard of his broken ribs, dislocated spine, and elongated marrow, fled with surprising celerity from Doctor Cackle's presence, and ere the vocal strains of Mr. Snag had died upon the air had traversed a distance of several hundred yards without betraying the slightest evidences of exhaustion. His flight was so hasty that Mr. Snag did not discover that he was gone until he had begun to sing the second stanza, when he was brought to a realization of his earthly surroundings by the angry exclamations of Doctor Vermifuge Cackle, who whirled his cane and threatened to entirely demolish Mr. Snag for having called him to attend profes-



Doctor Cackle's Diagnosis.



sionally an arrant knave and transparent cheat, who had feigned a mortal illness for some vile purpose of his own.

"I can't understand how any body could refuse in that way those valuable bitters," said Mr. Snag in a deprecating tone, trying to appease the doctor's indignation.

"Well, you see, as them lawyers said when Bill Skinner was sued for stealin' side meat, the question was *quantum damnificatus*, which means, I s'pose, accordin' to Latin, damificare for quantity, and Mr. Scales bein' in that state of mind in reference to them bark bitters, concluded he'd hurry home as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee."

At this instant a messenger arrived in great haste for Doctor Cackle, and the eminent proprietor of the Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark abruptly departed, leaving the musical Mr. Snag, Mr. Fix, and myself to meditate and wonder. After a brief silence I ventured to inquire the location of Mr. Elegy Newmaine's residence, and was informed by Mr. Loquacious Snag that, unfortunately, that individual was not the owner of real estate in Briartown, but for several years had boarded, and had occupied a part of the Hon. Saintly Shammer's office for a studio.

"There's where he caught softenin' of the brain and cholera. I saw one chap what slept in a law office

three months, and he contracted the worst case of *delirium tremens* I ever knowed; and when he died the lawyers in that neighborhood got together to see how many of 'em was left, and to pass resolutions sayin' how they all bowed to the will of the Lord, and one feller quoted some Scriptur' about the Lord givin' and the Lord takin' away. And just then old Botts, who was chairman, and had been drinkin' like a fish for a week, bawled out, "Blessed be the name of the Lord," and every one of them chaps, except old Botts, laughed right out, and that broke up the meetin', and ever since then—"

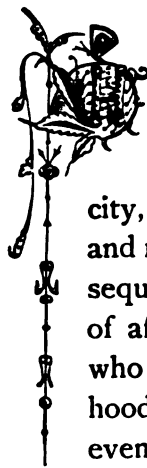
"William Henry, you should be more respectful when referring to one of the learned professions. I think we had better return home," and Mr. Fix and myself retraced our steps, and the remainder of that evening was devoted to recounting to the rest of the family the experience and observations of the day.

CHAPTER V.

MR. FIX DISCOVERS A CONSPIRACY—NEWMACHINE *vs.* BLANK—
ARGUMENTS OF THE HON. SAINTLY SHAMMER AND MR.
SOCRATES SNIPE—DECISION OF JUSTICE SCALES.

*"And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part."*

SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."



HAVING made a special contract with the Galoot and Vinegar Slip Railroad for a yearly commutation ticket to and from the city, I usually left Briartown early in the morning and returned home on an evening train, and in consequence of this arrangement the responsibility of affairs in my absence devolved upon Mr. Fix, who extended his acquaintance in the neighborhood and was quite well informed as to local events. He had made frequent visits to the house of Mr. Scales, and had rendered some assistance

to that gentleman in his office during the period of his fortunately brief illness. The fact of his relationship to Mr. Scales had given him a social standing which was very flattering, and on more than one occasion he was invited to present his name for admission into the Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros.

Several weeks had elapsed after our removal to Briartown, when Mrs. Scales repeated to Mr. Fix a conversation which she had heard between Mrs. Newmaine and Mrs. Dirt, in which the former had given the latter to understand that she did not care for our acquaintance, and that while my wife was an amiable sort of person, that I was—well she would rather not say; but if people would only notice how attentive I was to the ladies, and particularly to that forward Miss Mollinix—and old Mrs. Wash had told her that she could tell a great deal if she would, for she “knowed a plenty.” While I was disposed to laugh at these insinuations my wife was very much annoyed for fear that they would develop into slanders of colossal size. Unfortunately her fears in this respect did not prove groundless, for during our sojourn in Briartown on more than one occasion I heard of a story narrated by Mrs. Newmaine, in which I was charged with being a dignitary of the Mormon Church, the result of which was, that my acquaintance was cut by the ugliest old maids in the village, for as Mr. Fix philosophically

remarked "them what has got the least to lose should be most afraid of losin'."

It was Saturday evening as I alighted from the cars, on my return from the city, that I was accosted by no less a personage than the Hon. Sainly Shammer, who, on behalf of Mr. Elegy Newmaine, requested the return of three hundred dollars, money advanced by him on my behalf to Mr. Journal Plug, as a full quarter's rent, and as evidence of such payment Mr. Shammer produced a paper, duly signed by Mr. Plug, acknowledging the receipt of the money. It was necessary, Mr. Shammer explained, that the three hundred dollars should be paid at once, as Mr. Newmaine had urgent demands that he was compelled to satisfy. Upon my invitation the Hon. Sainly Shammer accompanied me to my house to transact this business, and while he was writing an acknowledgment of payment, and just as I was about to hand him the money, Mr. Fix suddenly entered the room, and seeing Mr. Shammer and myself thus engaged whispered in my ear that during that afternoon, while in the office of Justice Scales, he had overheard a conversation between Mr. Elegy Newmaine and Mr. Journal Plug, in Shammer's office, which proved that Mr. Newmaine had never advanced the three hundred dollars, but had agreed with Mr. Plug to take his receipt for the same, and after obtaining that amount from me to divide it equally with

him. This revelation confirmed a suspicion which I had previously entertained that the "elegant premises" occupied by me were extravagantly dear at the stipulated price, and without any hesitation I at once informed the Hon. Saintly Shammer that I would not pay the demand of Mr. Newmaine, or any part of it, and that, from information I had just received, I believed his client to be as unscrupulous as—

"A b'iled owl," suggested Mr. Fix, while a broad grin illuminated his countenance.

"That language is actionable, sir, and I have no doubt that Mr. Newmaine will institute a suit for damages," said Mr. Shammer fiercely, as he rose to his feet.

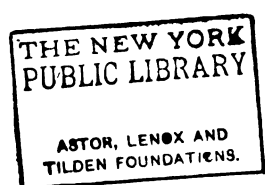
"I was just a comparin' of him to an animal what never drinks nothin', and you can't make slander out of that, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee. When old Mrs. Sing sued Bill Tootle for sayin' she was a grass-widder witch, Judge Blinks, in decidin' her case, said there bein' no such critter existin', domestic or in a state of natur', as a grass-widder witch, that Bill's remarks were *functus official* and *non Constantinople*, and that—"

"William Henry, keep quiet," said I.

The Hon. Saintly Shammer, apparently very much irritated at the turn affairs had taken, stood nervously twirling, for a few moments, his old white hat, and then



The Jim Jam Saloon.



with an air of insulted dignity passed out of the house, slamming the door vigorously as he went, as if to give redoubled emphasis to his great displeasure.

Not doubting that an effort would be made to enforce the payment of this money, I fully determined to make as effectual resistance as possible, and when, a few days subsequently, a notice was served upon me by Alexander M'Gath, Constable of Hardscrabble Township, to appear before Anthony Scales, Justice of the Peace, at his office, to answer to the complaint of Elegy Newmaine, who claimed of the defendant the sum of three hundred dollars, I was not in the least surprised, and at once placed my defense in charge of Mr. Socrates Snipe, a well known and accomplished member of the legal profession.

On the day of the trial the office of Mr. Justice Scales was crowded almost to suffocation. From far and near a great crowd had gathered to hear the trial of a case that had attracted universal attention. Horses were hitched along the fences on each side of the road for half a mile. Public sentiment was pretty evenly divided as to the merits of the case, and while some asserted that the claim was just and true others were equally as certain that it ought not to be paid. The merits of the respective counsel were also a matter of general comment. Even the feminine portion of the community did not hesitate to take sides, and I felt

highly gratified at hearing Mrs. Dewberry remark that, while she had no doubt the Hon. Saintly Shammer was a good enough lawyer, it was her opinion that Mr. Socrates Snipe would prove himself to be "a leetle the most scrumptious."

After some unavoidable delay the constable began pounding the floor with his cane, as he made proclamation: "Hear ye, hear ye, the Honorable Justice's Court of Hardscrabble Township is now in session, Mr. Justice Scales a sittin'," and then, as all eyes were turned toward *him*, he got very red in the face, and wiped the perspiration from his brow, which this intellectual effort had caused to flow.

Mr. Justice Scales now opened a huge volume of statutes, and, not noticing that the book was upside down, became apparently absorbed in reading its contents, during which time a profound silence prevailed. At last, elevating his glasses, and pushing aside the volume as though he had fully solved the question he had been so patiently examining, he directed the plaintiff to call his witnesses and proceed with the case. A long list of names was called and responded to. Among these were Messrs. Squirt, Flirt, and Dirt, Sugg, Jugg, and Plug, Paine, Shane, and the plaintiff, Newmaine.

The Hon. Saintly Shammer now arose to state the plaintiff's case. He said:

"May it please the Court, I stand in the presence

of a venerable magistrate, whose brow has been fanned by the winds of sixty Summers. It is a matter of congratulation that a cause of so much importance is to be determined by a profound jurist and an ardent lover of justice. Before the dawn of civilization, when the arts and sciences were hid in the midnight gloom of ignorance, and shed not the halo of their glory upon mankind, it was not always that the cause of right prevailed, but amid war's rude alarms the voice of justice was often stifled by the iron hand of—"

"I object," said Mr. Snipe, rising to his feet.

"State your objection," said Justice Scales.

"My objection is that the gentleman does not state his claim against the defendant, and I do not perceive what the condition of the arts and sciences in remote ages has to do with this suit for three hundred dollars, and on page 1,001 of Pancake's Digest will be found a case where it was determined by a full bench that—"

"You need n't argue that proposition, Mr. Snipe. I'll hear from the other side," interrupted his honor, blandly.

Mr. Shammer, who had taken his seat, arose again and addressed the Court:

"As I was remarking when interrupted by the gentleman, the benign and beneficent influences that now prevail were once comparatively unknown, and in the progress of events wisdom has dictated that each

individual should surrender a portion of those natural rights which were inherently his own, that society may maintain that cultivation and protection so necessary to happiness. Nor is there cause for discouragement to those who believe that, as the centuries roll on in their eternal rounds, the race will climb still higher heights of progress, until—”

“I object,” said Mr. Snipe.

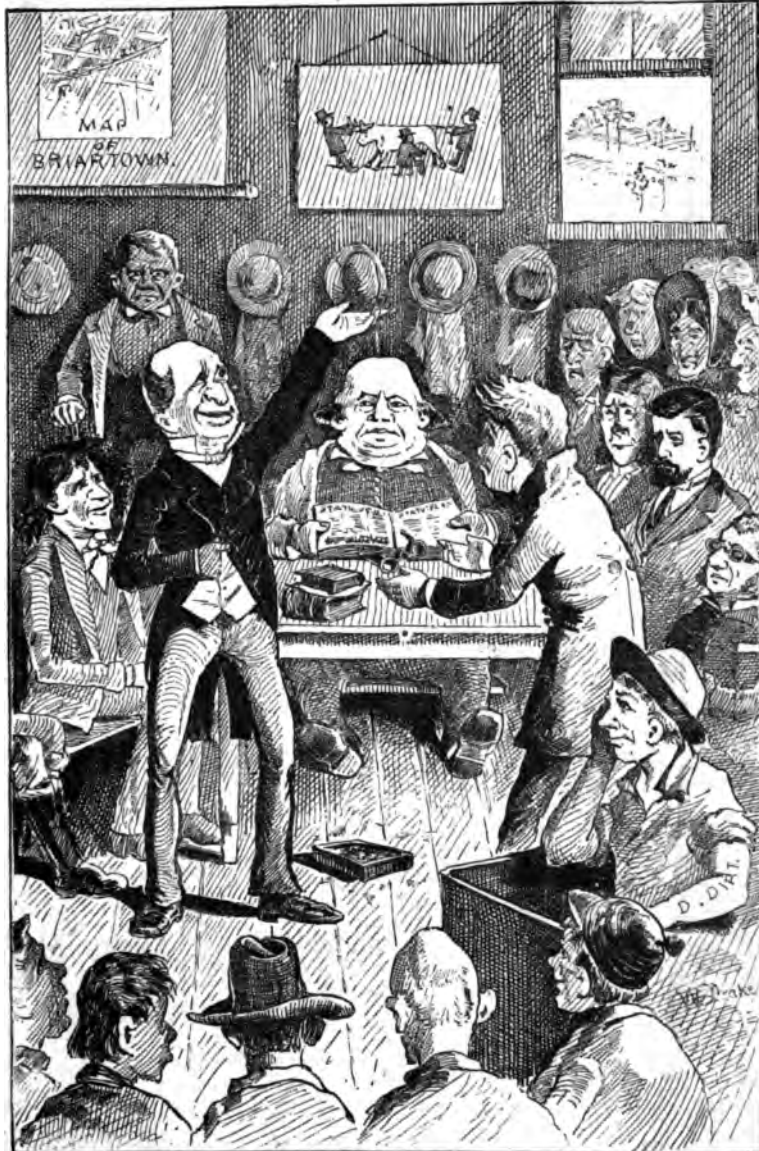
“State your objection,” said Justice Scales.

“My objection is that the gentleman does not refer to the contents of his bill of particulars, and I don’t see what this Court has to do with the centuries or their eternal rounds, and if we go on in this fashion we shall never get through with the case, and it was decided by the supreme court in—”

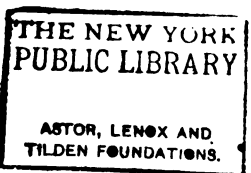
“The objection is sustained, and Mr. Shammer will refer to his bill of particulars,” said Justice Scales.

The Hon. Sainly Shammer had fixed his eyes upon the ceiling during this interruption, and at its conclusion bowed to his honor, and in a tone that betrayed a sense of injury inquired—“Shall I proceed?”

“Go on, sir, but confine yourself to your text—ahem—I should say your complaint against the defendant,” and Justice Scales cast a furtive glance around to see whether the crowd had noticed his mistake. As no one was smiling, save the Rev. Jackson Highlow, his honor assumed an air of gravity, and looked



Newmaine vs. Blank.



much wiser than before. Mr. Shammer resumed his remarks:

"I submit to your honor whether, in the discussion of great and fundamental questions, underlying the whole fabric of society, a certain degree of latitude is not far preferable to the mere statement of propositions that in and of themselves are common place and wearisome. As the immortal Shakespeare has somewhere said, and he, in my judgment, was the most transcendent genius of his own or any other age, when—"

"I object," said Mr. Snipe.

"State your objection," said Justice Scales.

"Your honor has twice decided that counsel should state his claim against the defendant, and yet, if I now understand him, he is delivering a eulogy upon the character of William Shakespeare, and in a case reported in—"

"The objection is overruled, for it is laid down here in the first volume of Cornstalk's Evidence that counsel may illuminate their remarks by referrin' to such books as they think proper, by way of arguin', and my opinion of Mr. Shakespeare bein' A No. 1 you can go on, Mr. Shammer, and be as brief as possible," said Justice Scales.

This decision gave great encouragement to the adherents of Mr. Newmaine, and a buzz of satisfaction was kept up until Constable M'Gath, by pounding on the floor with his cane, restored order. Mr. Shammer

was evidently very much elated, and glancing at the audience exclaimed:

"His honor having sustained my legal propositions, and overruled the objection made by the counsel for the defendant, I waive my right to further argument until I hear from the other side."

Mr. Shammer having sat down Mr. Socrates Snipe rose up and sarcastically remarked:

"Inasmuch as counsel has not advised the Court of the nature of his claim the presumption is that he has no information on the subject. As for myself, I am ready now to proceed with the case, in the progress of which I shall disclose a hideous conspiracy to extort money from my client—a well concerted arrangement between the plaintiff, Newmaine, and Journal Plug to betray confidence under the guise of friendship. I have no grandiloquent remarks to make in regard to the dawn of civilization or the character of William Shakespeare, but I have some knowledge of Newmaine and Plug, who, in my opinion, are as precious a pair of—"

"I object," said Mr. Shammer.

"State your objection," said Justice Scales.

"My objection is that by the constitution of this State, the great charter of our liberties, which, in the course of man's development, has become the embodiment of his progress from barbarism to the glorious heights of enlightenment, and which has been purchased

at the cost of suffering heroism in all ages, and which has been given into our hands to be upheld, maintained, and bequeathed as a priceless legacy to unborn generations that shall—”

“I sustain the objection, firstly accordin’ to the constitution that every man ought to be innocent until they prove him guilty, and that ’s reason enough, accordin’ to my judgment,” said Justice Scales.

Mr. Snipe and Mr. Shammer, after this decision, sat down, and remained silent until the Court directed the latter to call his witnesses. The first witness offered was Mr. Journal Plug, who testified that he was the owner of the premises occupied by me; that he had made a contract with Mr. Newmaine on my behalf, which was in writing, and that in the same paper he had acknowledged the receipt of three hundred dollars. The paper was identified by Mr. Plug and offered in evidence.

“Are you through with the witness?” said Justice Scales.

“Cross-examine,” said Mr. Shammer.

Mr. Snipe now began to interrogate Mr. Plug as to his age, occupation, and place of nativity, and then as to whether he had ever been in jail or arrested for any crime. To this last question Mr. Shammer objected, but Justice Scales held that the witness must answer. Mr. Plug, after much hesitation, admitted that he had *once* been in jail on a charge of perjury, but that he

was subsequently released when it appeared that he was subject to spells of insanity.

"What is the condition of your mind at present, Mr. Plug?" inquired Mr. Snipe.

"Very much disordered, sir. One of them spells has been a comin' on me for a week."

"Do you consider yourself responsible for the testimony you are now giving?"

"I would n't swear to that, sir, on account of them spells."

Mr. Fix, who had been an attentive listener to Mr. Plug, here suddenly exclaimed:

"He's got a worse case than Tom Bilks. When they tried him for passin' bogus bills and makin' counterfeit plates Tom's lawyer argued that he was a *money maniac*, and Prof. Wiseheart said he had examined Tom's upper story and got a pictur' of his brain, and them counterfeit plates showed in that pictur' as plain as the nose on his face, and the judge told the jury that it bein' a matter of conjectur' as to who was crazy and who was n't they could do as they pleased, and—"

"Stop, sir! I protest against this interruption, and I appeal to your honor," said Mr. Shammer, in a loud voice.

"Accordin' to the statutes, the young man bein' *amicus curius* and A No. 1, can go on with his statement," said Justice Scales.

This closed the examination of Mr. Plug. Mr. Shammer stated that he had intended to call Mr. Newmaine as a witness, but unfortunately he had just suffered a relapse. He had subpoenaed Mr. Ananias Plug to prove that the defendant had affirmed the contract made by Mr. Newmaine, and Messrs. Squirt, Flirt, Dirt, Sugg, Jugg, Paine, and Shane were witnesses to the character of his client; but in view of the rulings of his honor he would close the case upon the part of the plaintiff after the examination of one witness, as to character, and Mr. Diogenes Dirt would please take the stand.

"Mr. Dirt," said Mr. Shammer, "you have known Messrs. Plug and Newmaine for a long time, have you not?"

"You bet," said Mr. Dirt.

"Then of course you have the means of knowing their general reputation for honesty?"

"You bet."

"That reputation is good, is it not?"

"It's all hunk."

"I object," said Mr. Snipe.

"What's a 'unk?" inquired Justice Scales, as he opened an unabridged dictionary.

"It's hunkadori," said Mr. Dirt.

"I object," repeated Mr. Snipe vigorously.

"I sustain the objection, because this Court takes judicious notice of what is transpirin' before it, and the

witness has charged han hofficer of this Court with violatin' the statutes prohibitin' bettin'," said Justice Scales.

"That is all, Mr. Dirt," said Mr. Shammer, evidently anxious to get the witness away.

"Hold on, sir, I desire to cross-examine," said Mr. Snipe.

"Mr. Dirt, have you not been arrested for larceny?"

"You bet."

"Did you not on Sunday night last, while attending the Rev. Jackson Highlow's church at Frog Eye, steal, take, and carry away four dollars and fifty cents from the contribution box?"

"I object," said Mr. Shammer.

"State your objection," said Justice Scales.

"My objection, may it please your honor, is but the protest of that grand humanity which spreads its universal dominion over every land and emanates from the noblest impulses of the human heart. The imperfections that the censorious blazon are the common heritage of—"

"The objection is sustained, for, accordin' to my judgment, that money belonged to them heathen, and you can't prove nothin' by them, for the constitution says they are all *a-li-en*," said Justice Scales.

"The witness is excused," said Mr. Snipe.

"We close," said Mr. Shammer.

"Who will you call on behalf of defendant?" said Justice Scales.

"Mr. Fix will be sworn," said Mr. Snipe.

At this instant Mr. Fix came forward, and in reply to the questions of Mr. Snipe related a conversation he had overheard between Messrs. Plug and Newmaine, in which the latter admitted that he had not advanced to the former any money on my behalf.

"Cross-examine," said Mr. Snipe.

"What is your name, sir?" said Mr. Shammer.

"William."

"Your other name?"

"Henry."

"William Henry," said Mr. Shammer, writing it upon the paper before him.

"May be you 'd like to have my other name."

"What other name, sir? Didn't you just say it was Henry?"

"I b'lieve I did, sir; but I've another one besides *that*."

"What is it?"

"Harrison."

"Well, sir, I'll write it William Henry Harrison."

"Since you put that down so handy may be you 'd like to have my *other* name."

"This is trifling with the Court and counsel, and I move that this witness be required to write his name .

before we proceed—that is, if he *can* write,” said Mr. Shammer, contemptuously.

“Dogberry says to read and write comes by nature,” said Mr. Snipe, dryly.

“Dogberry! Who is Dogberry? Has he been sworn?” said Justice Scales, addressing Constable M’Gath.

This officer rose to his feet, and looking at the spectators called out:

“Mr. Dogsberry will come forward and be sworn.”

There being no response to this request Mr. M’Gath sat down and fixed his gaze upon Mr. Fix, who stared at him in return, to the great amusement of the lookers-on in general, and to the Rev. Jackson Highlow in particular.

“The motion is overruled, there bein’ no evidence that the young man can write,” said Justice Scales.

“Well, then, under the ruling of the Court, go on and state your other name,” said Mr. Shammer.

“Oxtobee.”

“Then I will write it William Henry Harrison Oxtobee. Is *that* your name, sir?” said Mr. Shammer, with emphasis.

“In the first place I says no, and then I answers yes; and when I says no I means yes, like them young wimmen what got married in a—”

“Hold on there. Never mind the young women

who got married, but give me your name, or you'll get in a—"

"Fix."

"This insolence is unbearable, sir, and I appeal to your honor to protect those long established rights and privileges which are thrown around the sources of that justice whose influence should pervade the relations of the entire human family, and—"

'Well, the young man may be some kin to our family, but no insinuatins', Mr. Shammer, as to the relashuns of the Court, if you please. I knowed the mother of that young man when she was a gal, and this case havin' gone about far enough, and the Court not desirin' to hear any more, you can go clear, Mr. Blank; firstly, because Mr. Plug has them 'ere spells, and Mr. Newmaine has got a relapse, and Mr. Dirt havin' been in jeopardy for the same offense; and, secondly, I never knowed any body whose grandfather's name was Hox-tobee to be any thing but hup and hup, accordin' to my judgment; and Constable M'Gath will now adjourn this Court accordin' to the statute."

Constable M'Gath, in obedience to this command, at once made proclamation:

"Hear ye, hear ye, the Honorable Justice's Court of Hardscrabble Township is now adjourned *sine and dine*, Justice Scales a sittin'."

At this announcement the audience made a rush for

the door, and when, a few minutes later, Mr. Snipe and myself passed into the street we found Mr. Fix surrounded by a great crowd of admirers. Mr. Snipe was also the recipient of marked attention, and Mrs. Dewberry affirmed that he was "a stem winder and no mistake," but just what she meant by that assertion Mr. Snipe declared he had n't the remotest idea.

The Hon. Saintly Shammer was greatly disappointed at Justice Scales's decision, for, as Mr. Snag confidentially informed me, and I tell it now in a confidential way, Mr. Elegy Newmaine was deeply in debt, and this pretended claim was his only available resource.

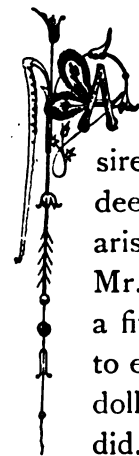
Thus terminated the trial of a cause which to this day is ranked as one of the most memorable in the annals of Briartown.

CHAPTER VI.

THE "PORCUPINE JOURNAL"—MR. FIX "WALLOPS" AN EDITOR AND RECEIVES A CHALLENGE—DISASTER TO MAJOR BLOODSTONE SLAUGHTER AND THE "FROG EYE INVINCIBLES"—INDIGNATION MEETING IN THE HALL OF THE "SUBLIME ORDER OF THE ROYAL RHINOCEROS"—DR. VERMIFUGE CACKLE PURSUES A SUBJECT.

*"It is a strange, quick jar upon the ear,
That cocking of a pistol, when you know
A moment more will bring the sight to bear
Upon your person, twelve yards off or so."*

BYRON.



FEW days after Justice Scales had rendered his now famous decision Mr. Journal Plug desired an interview with me, and expressed the deepest regret that any misunderstanding had arisen. He stated that his written contract with Mr. Elegy Newmaine was signed by him during a fit of mental aberration, but that he *now* wished to effect a fair understanding, and did I think fifty dollars a month too much for the premises? I did. How much was I willing to pay? Fifteen dollars a month. Mr. Plug was surprised at such a low

estimate—indeed he was—and he could not believe me in earnest.

“One of them spells is comin’ on him agin’,” said Mr. Fix, in an undertone.

Mr. Plug overheard this remark, and with tearful eyes and quivering voice declared that rather than have his infirmity again referred to in that unfeeling manner I could occupy the place for that trifling sum; and, apparently overcome with emotion, he seized his hat and unceremoniously departed, leaving behind him a copy of the *Porcupine Journal* that had fallen unperceived from his pocket. In glancing over its columns my attention was attracted to the following advertisement:

“FOR RENT—A beautiful cottage of four rooms, with lawn and shrubbery. Excellent church, school, and railroad facilities. *Ten dollars* a month. Inquire on the premises, or address JOURNAL PLUG, Briartown.”

“He had another of them mental *apparitions*, as sure as my grandfather’s name was Oxtobee,” said Mr. Fix, as he made a careful survey of the paper.

The *Porcupine Journal*, published in the town of Frog Eye, situated a few miles distant, by Miss Angelica Snap, was devoted to the advancement of woman’s rights and the dissemination of local information. In the absence of its female manager the editorials were written by Mr. Hardin Nutt, an individual who had

recently graduated from one of the reformatory institutions of the State at the foot of his class, and was popularly supposed to possess the necessary literary qualifications for his post. Unfortunately for the truth of local history Mr. Nutt and Mrs. Newmaine were intimate friends, and her influence soon became apparent when the following editorial appeared in the columns of the *Porcupine Journal*:

“BRIARTOWN.

“We understand from reliable authority that one Blank, who has recently removed to Briartown, is now engaged in circulating reports derogatory to the character of our old friend, Mr. Elegy Newmaine. This is not the first time the conduct of this man Blank has been called to our attention. It is not known by what means he has obtained his money, but there are mysterious rumors now afloat in regard to this matter. His antecedents require investigation. *Verbum sat sapienti.*”

Copies of the *Porcupine Journal* containing this article from the pen of the gifted NUTT were mailed by Mrs. Newmaine to each inhabitant of Briartown and the surrounding country. Fortunately a large number of these persons had attended the trial before Justice Scales, or had witnessed the violent manifestations attending the remarkable and complicated illness of Mr. Newmaine. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the article excited a great deal of comment, and with the view of instituting a prosecution for libel the publication was

submitted by me to Mr. Socrates Snipe, who subsequently informed me that in his opinion an action could not be sustained for the reason that there was no affirmative allegation of a libelous character contained in the article.

As soon as this opinion had been received I sent a communication by the hands of Mr. Fix to Miss Angelica Snap, denying the intimations that had been made, and requesting a retraction. Mr. Fix manifested a disposition, as I thought, to hold Mr. Hardin Nutt to a personal responsibility, for just before starting on his mission he threatened to "wallop" him at the first opportunity. How well he executed his intention will be seen from the following extract taken from the next issue of the *Porcupine Journal*:

*"BASE AND COWARDLY ATTEMPT AT ASSASSINATION!
A DEADLY BLOW AT THE LIBERTY OF
THE PRESS!!*

"One of the boldest and most dastardly attempts at assassination that has occurred in the history of this country took place on yesterday afternoon at four minutes before four o'clock. The temporary editor of this paper, Mr. Hardin Nutt, had just completed an able editorial giving an account of the persecutions and indignities inflicted upon our old friend, Mr. Elegy Newmaine, of Briartown, by one Blank, a recent acquisition of unhappy reputation, when he was approached by a ruffian of gigantic size and most hideous and repulsive appearance, who demanded the retraction of a previous article exposing the past

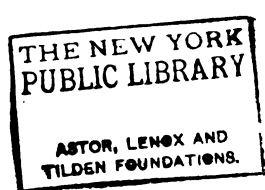
history of his employer, BLANK, which had appeared in the columns of this paper. His demand being indignantly refused the would-be murderer grasped Mr. Hardin Nutt with great ferocity, and precipitated him into a large tank of dirty water, which stood in the room. Not content with this fiendish outrage he again seized his victim, and drawing him in a horizontal position across his knees did beat, bruise, and wound his person with a large pine shingle, which had been previously used in emptying a keg of printer's ink. *Can* a constitutional government long survive such shocks as this? We think not. Dark as the future now seems we shall earnestly strive to maintain the liberties of an untrammelled press. We regret to announce that Mr. Hardin Nutt has severed his connection with this paper. A few loads of cord wood will be received at this office on subscription. Job work of all kinds solicited.

“ANGELICA SNAP.”

It was surmised by many persons that Mr. Nutt's immediate withdrawal from editorial cares and responsibilities indicated a desire upon his part to arrange his business affairs preliminary to a demand for satisfaction to his wounded honor; and this theory received confirmation when a few days after Mr. Fix's return to Briartown he was waited upon by Major Bloodstone Slaughter, Commander of the “First Battalion of Frog Eye Invincibles,” a military organization of which Mr. Hardin Nutt was also a member. Major Slaughter approached Mr. Fix—who was busily engaged in the rear yard decapitating chickens that Bridget designed for our dinner—with the information that as a friend of



"Walloping" an Editor.



Mr. Hardin Nutt he desired to arrange preliminaries for a meeting between them, such as was customary among gentlemen.

"I've no objection to meetin' Mr. Hardnut if he wants to see me, but what you are pokin' your nose into this business for I can't understand, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," remarked Mr. Fix, with a look that boded no good to the military ambassador from Frog Eye.

"I am here, sir, as his friend, at his request, to arrange the necessary preliminaries for a meeting between you, to afford him that satisfaction which one gentleman will accord to another," said Major Slaughter, in a somewhat ruffled tone.

"Well, s'pose *he* gets killed, and you've been helpin' it on; whose friend will you be then? I'd like to know. Some folks will help a friend out of trouble, but you are tryin' to help one in."

"I am not here, sir, to anticipate the consequences of your meeting, but it is not certain that he will be the one to fall. At any rate, I desire you to refer me to some one who will act for you in this matter."

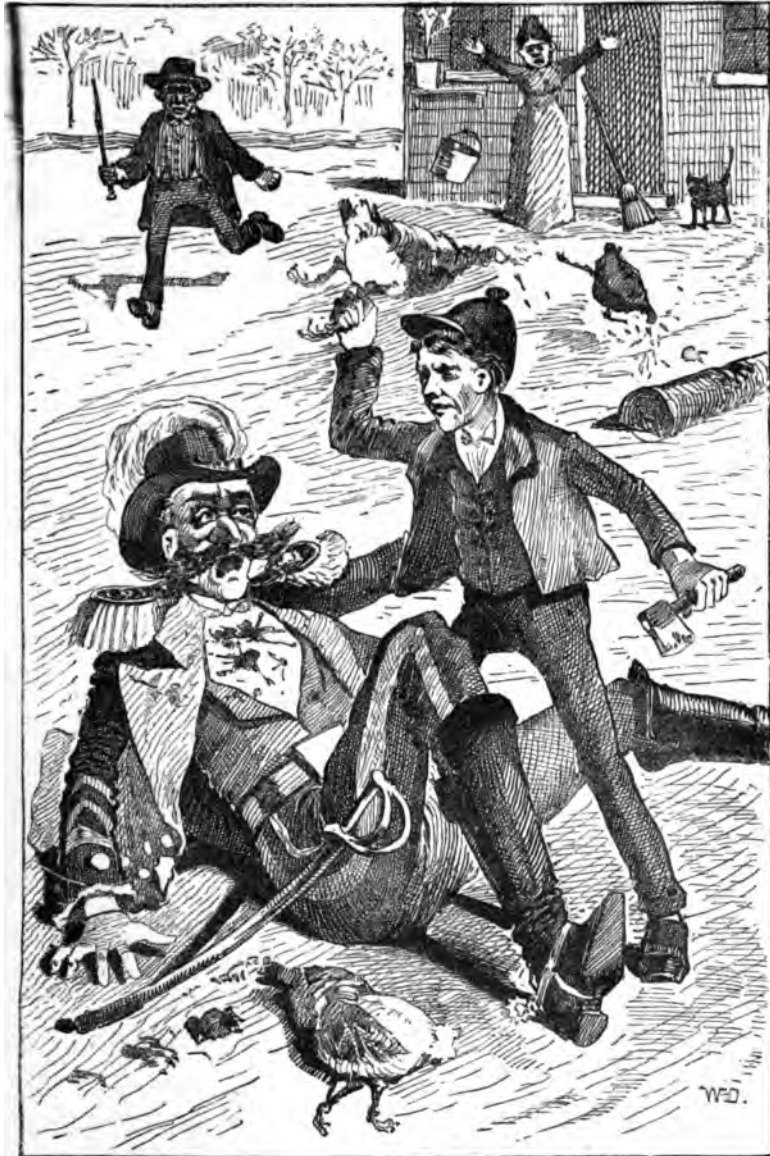
"I ain't got a friend what would organize a shootin' party and put me up for a mark. When I was in Virginny I heard Captain Pepper tellin' as how them shootin' matches made 'em all equal, so that a little man had as much show as a big one; but when he and

that chap fought with pistols at Spice Knoll the Captain got a hole through his lungs, and then he said that feller was too quick for him; so they was n't equal after all; but when you are talkin' about gentlemen I s'pose you mean the *real* article, and not one of them chaps what is always callin' himself one, so that folks will be sure and find it out, or otherwise they would n't a knowed it."

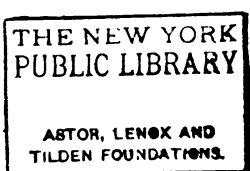
"Do you mean to insinuate that I am acting on behalf of one who is *not* a gentleman?" said Major Slaughter, reddening.

"That's about the size of the article, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix, as he swung a newly beheaded fowl by the legs.

"I 'll chastise your insolence, sir," said Major Slaughter, making an ineffectual effort to tweak Mr. Fix's nose; ineffectual from the fact that Mr. Fix suddenly extended one of his long legs, and at the same time thrust the beheaded bird full into Major Slaughter's face, causing that chieftain to trip and fall upon his back. Before he could regain his feet Mr. Fix stood astride him, swinging the devoted fowl high in air and bringing it down with great force and regularity upon the prostrate form beneath him. Alas, for the major's immaculate linen front and snowy collar. Woe to his elegant costume and conventional dress. To add to the excitement Bridget, who had witnessed



Major Slaughter's Challenge.



the remarkable scene, becoming alarmed at the threatened demolition—not of the unfortunate Major Bloodstone Slaughter, but of the material necessary for the exercise of her culinary art—began a series of most unearthly cries and howls, which had the effect of bringing to the rescue Mr. Constable M'Gath, who at once arrested further hostilities, and both belligerents as well.

The prisoners were conducted by Constable M'Gath before Justice Scales, who immediately convened his Court, and each combatant made his statement of the facts, their versions being substantially the same. In the case of Major Slaughter his honor assessed a fine "for the malicious destruction of property, *sliccit*: one rooster." Mr. Fix was discharged from custody, upon the ground, as Justice Scales announced, "that the constitution providin' that the militia must be kept under by the civil power, and the young man havin' performed that duty is A No. 1, and can go clear."

Major Bloodstone Slaughter presented a battle-stained and sanguinary appearance even for the commander of a renowned and warlike organization such as the "First Battalion of the Frog Eye Invincibles." His back was covered with dirt, and his face and clothing were crimson with blood, not his own, but that which had gushed in streams from the lifeless body of the "bird of dawning" with which he had been so

vigorously belabored. Not stopping to arrange his garb, or to cleanse his person, Major Bloodstone Slaughter, as soon as he had satisfied the law's demands, mounted his horse and started at a gallop for his native heath. He had gone but a short distance when he was met by Doctor Vermifuge Cackle, also mounted, riding rapidly in an opposite direction. No sooner had Doctor Cackle observed the condition of Major Slaughter than he arrived at the conclusion that his professional services were in urgent demand, and, wheeling his horse, immediately gave chase, at the same time calling loudly the name of the pursued. The latter, hearing the clatter of hoofs behind him, and supposing himself to be followed by Constable M'Gath on account of some additional charge that had been preferred, now pushed his horse to its utmost speed. The doctor's steed, which had in younger days contested in many scrub and free-for-all races over a half mile track, began a furious gait, and away they went, the echoes of the surrounding hills bringing to the ears of those who witnessed their rapid flight such sounds as,—“a pint and a half”—“compound”—“Albino Bark.” Despite Doctor Cackle's greatest efforts Major Slaughter widened the distance between them until at last the former gave up the race and returned all weary and worn to Briartown.

As to what transpired in Frog Eye upon Major

Slaughter's arrival there I quote from the columns of that veracious sheet the *Porcupine Journal*.

OUTRAGE AND ROBBERY!—A MOB OF CUT-THROATS IN POSSESSION OF BRIARTOWN!!—COLLUSION OF THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES!!!—THE FIRST BATTALION OF FROG EYE INVINCIBLES UNDER ARMS!!!

"We stop the press to announce the alarming intelligence just received through our townsman Major Bloodstone Slaughter, that a number of outlaws under the command of a noted female bandit named Bridget O'Flaherty have made a descent upon the inhabitants of Briartown and are now engaged in their work of pillage. The strangest feature in this connection is the fact that the civil authorities are apparently in collusion with the marauders. Major Slaughter reports that he was seized and robbed by the order of one Scales, who, under the pretense of acting as a magistrate, assisted in the perpetration of these high-handed outrages. At this writing it is believed that an attack upon this city is imminent, and the 'First Battalion of Frog Eye Invincibles' has assembled at the armory."

"LATER:—Since the above was in print we have obtained information that the disturbance at Briartown was occasioned by a desperado named Fix, who to revenge himself for some fancied grievance made an assault upon Major Bloodstone Slaughter with a *deadly* weapon."

"STILL LATER:—The following resolutions have just been unanimously adopted by the Frog Eye Invincibles:

"*Resolved*, That we are now ready to shed our last drop of blood on behalf of Major BLOODSTONE SLAUGHTER.

"*Resolved*, That we are now ready to shed our last drop of blood on behalf of Corporal HARDIN NUTT."

“LATEST:—We regret to announce that a sudden and unaccountable panic has seized upon the ‘First Battalion of Frog Eye Invincibles,’ owing to an unfounded rumor of the enemy’s approach, and at the present moment its members have taken to the woods and are nowhere to be found.”

These startling announcements created a sensation in Briartown surpassing any thing known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A public meeting for consultation was immediately called to be held in the hall of the “Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros.” At the appointed hour a large audience had assembled. Space was reserved for the exclusive use of various metropolitan newspapers. Prominent among these were the *Musical Trombone*, *Phrenological Organ*, and *Cosmopolitan Scraper*. On motion Mr. Anthony Scales took the chair, or rather attempted to take it, for after vainly endeavoring to squeeze a breadth of thirty-six inches into a space of twenty he gave up the effort, and seated himself upon an adjacent bench and placed his hat on the floor. On motion Mr. Alexander M’Gath was elected secretary, and sat down beside Justice Scales. He then produced a piece of brown paper and a lead pencil from his pocket, inverted Mr. Scales’s hat on his knees for a table, and looked vacantly into space.

Mr. Loquacious Snag, who occupied a front seat, here arose and moved that the proceedings be opened

with song, and stated that he had composed a hymn especially for the occasion, and that while he did not desire to compliment his own productions, he had been told by Professor Junius Bump, editor of the *Phrenological Organ*, who was now present, that in many respects it was far superior to "*the Marseillaise*." Unanimous consent was given to Mr. Snag's suggestion, and that gentleman unfolded a roll of manuscript and, after sounding a few preliminary *do ra me fa sols*, began singing. The merits of this lyric having been subsequently a matter of dispute in Briartown, as well as in other literary centers, I append it here, that the reader's own judgment may be exercised as to its excellence:

"WE 'VE GOT THE BULGE.

"A chieftain bold from Frog Eye
Came to town, came to town;
He was not afraid to die
Bitin' ground, bitin' ground.

For a comrade's sake he came
To the town, to the town;
He was put to flight and shame,
Rearin' round, rearin' round.

He would pull a hero's nose,
In the town, in the town;
But he felt a hero's blows,
Comin' down, comin' down.

Ajax lookin' at the sky,
With a frown, with a frown;
Sweet as Summer's softest sigh,
Briartown, Briartown."

At the conclusion of this remarkable composition Mr. Snag received a salvo of applause and Mr. Fix suddenly found himself the hero of the hour. Loud calls were made for his appearance, to which he finally responded by saying :

"If the crowin' hen what edits that journal would say that the chap with epalauttes got wolloped with a dead weapon she'd tell the truth, but she adds the lie in sayin' it was dead/y, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee."

This eloquent philippic was received with cheers, and when Mr. Fix sat down Mr. Anthony Scales addressed the audience. He said that when he had first read the objectionable article contained in the *Porcupine Journal* he had determined to arrest Major Slaughter and his entire command for contempt of court; but having no one but Constable M'Gath to enforce his orders, and by this remark he did not intend to reflect upon the courage of that officer, and it being probable that the members of that valiant military organization were yet running, he had abandoned the idea. It was now his belief that it would be the better policy to ignore the whole matter.

Mr. M'Gath, deeming it necessary to say *something* after the reference made to him by Mr. Scales, came to a perpendicular position, and stated that in his opinion there was "*lie* enough in that paper to make soap." This overpowering and unexpected witticism from Mr. M'Gath created a great deal of merriment, and that personage subsequently wore an air of great satisfaction.

Doctor Vermifuge Cackle was the next person to address the audience. Like Mr. Scales he deprecated any further notice of the offending paper. It was his opinion that the entire difficulty had arisen through a disregard of the laws of physiology and hygiene. That was the cause of Adam's fall and the eccentricities of Falstaff. The stomach was the seat of trouble. If the editress of the *Porcupine Journal*, and Mr. Hardin Nutt, and the "Frog Eye Invincibles" could only be persuaded to take a few bottles of his "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark," all turbulence would cease, and peace and good will would prevail. Before Dr. Cackle resumed his seat he announced that on the following evening Professor Junius Bump, editor of the *Phrenological Organ*, would lecture on "The Missing Links," with accompanying charts and illustrations, on which occasion, also, the heads of several remarkable individuals would be examined.

The next speaker, very much to the surprise of many, was Mr. Slangy Sleuce, who stated that in his

opinion there was more virtue in half a pint of his cholera medicine than in all the "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark" that had ever been made.

"That's what's the matter, sure's yer born. I'm bettin' on old Slangy, I am!" exclaimed Mr. Elegy Newmaine in a voice that indicated an approaching relapse of sunstroke.

"Put him out," "sit down," "too tough," exclaimed a number of persons in chorus.

Constable M'Gath hurried forward and endeavored to quiet Mr. Newmaine, but without avail.

"I can whip 'em all; Fix's a coward; I can whip every body. Hurray for old Slangy; I'm a gemmenlen; I'm a gemmenlen, sure's yer born," yelled Mr. Newmaine at the top of his lungs.

How much longer this disturbance would have continued it is impossible to say, had not Mrs. Newmaine at this juncture made her appearance and with many exclamations in regard to her husband's unfortunate brain succeeded in coaxing him away.

"His *brayin'* is the most unhealthy I ever knowed," remarked Mr. Fix as he resumed his seat.

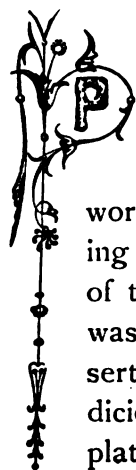
Owing to the confusion incident to Mr. Newmaine's interruptions further proceedings were suspended, and a motion being made to adjourn was unanimously carried, and quiet reigned once more in Briartown.

CHAPTER VII.

PROFESSOR JUNIUS BUMP DELIVERS A LECTURE ON THE "MISSING LINKS" BEFORE THE "BRIARTOWN EVOLVING MOLECULAR CONSERVATION OF FORCES SOCIETY"—HIS UNFORTUNATE ATTACK OF PERIOSTRACUM—MR. SCALES AND MRS. DEWBERRY DANCE A QUADRILLE—A SUDDEN CATASTROPHE—PROFESSOR BUMP'S EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCE.

*"For mystic learning, wondrous able,
In magic talisman and cabal,
Whose primitive tradition reaches
As far as Adam's first green breeches."*

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.



POSTERS on the fences, depot building, blacksmith shop, and the walls of the grocery store and Jim Jam saloon, announced to the world the fact of Professor Junius Bump's impending lecture on "The Missing Links." The hall of the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros" was brilliantly illuminated with tallow candles inserted in the necks of glass bottles that were judiciously placed about the room. A temporary platform was erected in one end of the hall, with a green curtain in front. The curtain was so arranged

that it could be lowered or elevated by means of pulleys in the rear. A small table, upon which rested a quart bottle of Dr. Cackle's "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark" and a glass tumbler, stood upon the platform; while a few feet in the rear of the table, hanging suspended from a hook fastened in the ceiling, was a large map covered with drawings of faces and heads. Upon this map were also represented pictures of the "missing links."

Every seat in the hall was filled long before the lecturer made his appearance. There was present a large number of the young people of the neighborhood of both sexes, for this lecture being the first of a series under the auspices of the "Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society," organized by Doctor Cackle and Mr. Snag, who were its only members, the young people were encouraged by their elders to attend. The display of brass jewelry, startling contrasts in dress, stunning head-gear, and the consumption of peanuts and molasses candy on this occasion has certainly never been equaled in the history of the human race.

Mr. Slangy Sleuce, upon his arrival, soon discovered Doctor Cackle's bottle of "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark" upon the table, and under the pretense of testing the efficiency of the pulleys, he lowered the green curtain in front of the platform sufficiently to

screen himself from observation, and then emptied the admixture into a coal bucket that stood near by, after which he refilled the bottle from a flask of "cholera medicine" that he carried in his pocket. Elevating the curtain, and again taking his seat, Mr. Slangy Sleuce, to all human observation, was as innocent as a lamb.

At last Professor Junius Bump, accompanied by the "Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society," that is to say, by Doctor Cackle and Mr. Loquacious Snag, made his appearance upon the platform, and was introduced to the audience by the former. Before taking his seat Doctor Cackle, in an undertone, invited Professor Bump's attention to the provision he had made for him in view of the exhausting efforts he was about to make. Pouring out a portion of the fluid Professor Bump elevated it to his nose and then tasted it. Apparently satisfied of its merits, he emptied the glass at one gulp, smacked his lips and poured out a second dose which he disposed of in a similar manner.

"It is a remarkable remedy, and should be extensively used," said Professor Bump, in a tone loud enough for the audience to hear, to the great delight of Doctor Cackle.

"It's the result of thirty-seven years of patient research, and no one possesses the secret of its manufacture but myself. It is perfectly harmless, and is

usually taken in quantities of a pint and a half," said Doctor Cackle, as he sat down beside Mr. Snag.

Professor Bump introduced the subject of his lecture by saying that there was a great misconception on the part of many persons as to the origin of the human race. Modern science and investigation had demonstrated a continuous chain, beginning with the lowest form of life and extending to the highest organism known. Man's existence was the result of evolution. Evolution was the result of molecular changes, and molecular changes were the result of evolution; and both molecular changes and evolution were the result of the conservation of forces, and the conservation of forces was the result of both molecular changes and evolution.

This statement of Professor Bump's was loudly applauded by Doctor Cackle and Mr. Snag, the rest of the audience, with the exception of Mr. Scales, following their example. As soon as the noise had subsided Justice Scales arose and stated that he had just received information in regard "to them missin' links,"—that Lankey Jones had been arrested by Constable M'Gath, and "them sausage" was found hid under his wood-pile.

Professor Bump here took another dose, and begged not to be interrupted. Proceeding with his remarks he stated that it was a law of the universe, applicable to

all organisms, that the fittest should survive. This universal law had been in operation throughout countless ages, and man as, the fittest organism, had survived, while other rude and primary forms had perished. There was one remarkable fact, however, in this connection. The organisms from which man had developed, that should in the order of succession stand next to him, were nowhere to be found. The ape and orang-outang in some respects resembled man; but it was evident that there must have been in the chain of evolution for man's immediate predecessors beings far more intelligent than the present race of apes. This absent organism—male and female—is that for which men have vainly searched—the “missing link.”

Doctor Cackle and Mr. Snag again applauded loudly, and the young people especially seconded their efforts with a genuine hurrah; but it was evident they had n't the slightest idea of the professor's subject, for one of the most intelligent young men among them remarked that “every body knows they caught the missin' lynx that got away from that animal show.”

Professor Bump, apparently very much gratified at the heartiness with which his efforts were being received, now took another dose. Strange as it may seem he did not appear in the least fatigued in the pursuit of his theme, but as he proceeded his manner became much more animated, and Doctor Cackle

observed with great pleasure the frequency with which he exhibited a preference for the infallible specific. The professor now pointed to his map with a sharp rod a few feet in length (which had been used by the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros," in the initiation of members, to represent the horn of the animal from which their order had taken its name; and also to symbolize the fact that every thing in this world is just what it seems—"in a horn"), and began to explain the nature and habits, and describe the form of the creature which some scientists assert was man's immediate progenitor. The professor then turned to the audience and requested any one who wished to ask a question to do so, and he would cheerfully impart any information in his power. In response to this invitation Mr. Fix stood up, and stated that he would like to make a few remarks.

"Certainly, sir; proceed," said Professor Bump, in a tone of great condescension.

"I'd like to know how you can make them statements of your 'n work in double harness. If there *is* a survival of the fittest, then them 'missin' links' bein' next to human critters ought to be alive and kickin', and the monkeys and baboons ought to all be dead. If there *ain't* no such thing as a survival of the fittest I'd like to know what 's become of your 'missin' links?' There ain't no reason for their disappearin' that I can see, unless the human critters got ashamed of their

poor relations and killed 'em all off. I've knowed some people with rich relations who might as well be dead for all the good that did 'em. Then another thing I'd like to know is, why the evolutin' business ain't carried on *now* by them apes and monkeys at the old stand? as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," and Mr. Fix resumed his seat amid vociferous applause.

Professor Bump was either very much disconcerted at Mr. Fix's remarks or his frequent potations were having an unusual effect, for he leaned heavily for support upon the table, and finally sat down upon it with his back to the audience. In a voice that betrayed great emotion, or the benumbing influence of Mr. Slangy Sleuce's cholera medicine, he continued his instructive demonstrations by exhibiting on the map the phrenological characteristics of several remarkable persons. No. 1 represented an individual with the moral and religious qualities largely developed. This person's head resembled a sugar loaf and ran up to seed. No. 2 represented a man totally deficient in veneration and conscientiousness. His cranium was depressed on top like a crater. No. 3 represented a rich man, whose organ of acquisitiveness was largely developed, and who was reputed to love his money to the exclusion of his fellow-man. His face was drawn and pinched to such an extent that his mouth resembled a seam, and his nostrils

flared like a fan. No. 4 was an individual possessing the organ of mirthfulness to an unusual degree. His face was as open as the moon, and the corners of his mouth extended up to his eyebrows.

Professor Bump, at the conclusion of these remarks, preserved a profound silence, and the audience for a few minutes did likewise, until finally an unmistakable snore indicated that Professor Junius Bump was entirely oblivious to earthly affairs, and especially those of the "Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society." Doctor Cackle hastily came forward, and vainly endeavored to arouse the sleeper. His respiration increased in volume.

"He's got an acute attack of periostracum," said Doctor Cackle.

Mr. Snag, who in the mean time had possessed himself of the professor's bottle, seemed very much agitated at a discovery he had made; and it was noticed that he and Doctor Cackle immediately held a mysterious and whispered consultation, during which the fluid was subjected to a very critical examination.

"Did n't I tell 'em there was more virtue in half a pint of my cholera medicine than in all the albino bark that was ever made? If he had just let that slop alone he would n't be carryin' on that way," said Mr. Slangy Sleuce, triumphantly.

Doctor Cackle now announced to the audience that

From a further examination of Professor Bump's condition he was satisfied there existed no reason for alarm, and if some of the gentlemen present would volunteer to assist in his removal to the ante-room adjoining he would endeavor to revive him. Mr. Scales and Mr. M'Gath at once came forward, and Professor Bump was taken from the platform and consigned to the tender mercies of Doctor Cackle. Whether tickling the gullet with a goose quill, feathered end down, is the proper treatment for "an acute attack of periostracum" the followers of Esculapius are best able to determine, but certain it is that Professor Bump was subjected to that ordeal.

Justice Scales, when near the platform, obtained an excellent view of the map, upon which was delineated the professor's "missing links." Suddenly he exclaimed, "that's the same feller what, after workin' for me two hours, run hoff with my hovercoat, and has been missin' ever since, but I never knowed before that his last name was Link," and Mr. Scales, apparently very much astonished at recognizing an old acquaintance, returned to his seat.

The younger portion of the audience intent upon amusement now sent Bobby Thin, a yellow-haired youth of unusually slender limbs, in search of a violin. He soon returned with a veteran fiddler, who for many years had swung his bow and called off the neighbor-

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Mr. Justice Scales, who, unable to rise, reclined upon the floor, and Professor Junius Bump, the eloquent lecturer on the "missing links." The professor, but partially aroused from his stupor by the efforts of Doctor Cackle and the concussion arising from the fall of Mr. Scales, and imagining the bulky form before him to be the livery steed which he had ridden to the village, at once proceeded to bestride it, at the same time digging his boot heels into the sides of Mr. Scales to accelerate his speed.

"Hoh Lord, get hoff; 'elp, murder," yelled Mr. Scales in stentorian tones.

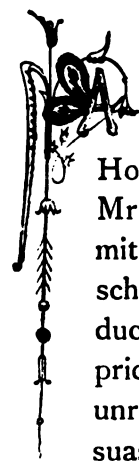
Mr. Fix, hearing the cries of his relative within, immediately hurried to his relief, and by suddenly jerking the professor backward induced him to dismount. Doctor Cackle and Mr. Snag now ventured an appearance, and with their assistance the learned magistrate and able lecturer were conducted by Mr. Fix from the scene of their disasters; and thus unhappily terminated, we regret to chronicle, the first lecture in the series projected by the "Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society."

CHAPTER VIII.

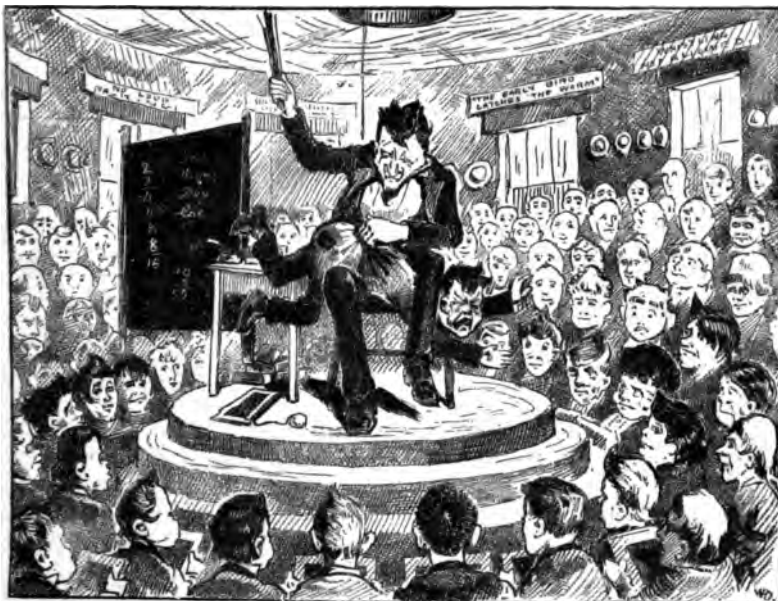
MR. LASHER RAPP AND HIS "IRISH PONY"—EXHIBITION OF THE BRIARTOWN PUBLIC-SCHOOL—SOFT SOAP—MR. DEWBERRY'S MULE—BUG JUICE—IMPERSONATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR AND NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE—DEPLORABLE RESULT OF MR. AJAX'S CHALLENGE.

*"There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school,
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too."*

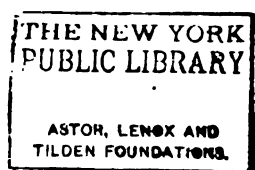
GOLDSMITH'S "DESERTED VILLAGE."



FEW days after Professor Bump had delivered his lecture on the "missing links" the Hon. Saintly Shammer, Mr. Journal Plug, and Mr. Loquacious Snag, were appointed a committee of examination for the "Briartown Public-school." This institution of learning was conducted by Mr. Lasher Rapp, a gentleman who prided himself on his ability to subdue the most unruly pupil submitted to his care. Not by persuasion, or appeals to reason, but by a summary application of the birch and ruler to the person of the



An Irish Pony.



Rebellious subject. He had become so skillful in the use of these instruments of torture that he could calculate with accuracy the effect of any given blow. If he desired to redden or discolor, to welt or blister, his practiced arm obeyed its master's will. There were certain attitudes his victims were compelled to take to enable him with greater ease and comfort to perform their flagellation. One favorite mode of punishment he termed "the Irish pony." Drawing the unfortunate object of his wrath across his knees he would elevate his larboard leg and place it on his neck. In vain were all efforts then to break the force of his descending blows. The tightened clothing gave but scant resistance to the elastic rod that smote the quivering flesh. No steed, however vicious, kicked with more vigor than the luckless riders of this imported horse. Stopping occasionally to rub his hand across the wounded part to "smooth it down," as though it was the glossy hide of some sleek animal, Mr. Lasher Rapp would again resume his cheerful task.

This unusual skill, I regret to say, was his chief accomplishment; but experience shows that men are seldom great in every thing, and he was no exception to the rule. A relative by blood and marriage of the school trustees he found employment year after year, despite all efforts to dismiss him, and it became notorious that

the juveniles whose parents had favored his retirement were those whose equestrian performances excelled in number and for duration attained the highest average. As a result of Mr. Rapp's peculiar and eccentric conduct the Briartown Public-school, at the time of which I write, had fallen into disrepute. The attendance had gradually diminished until the "Irish pony" was actually suffering from the lack of its accustomed exercise. It was determined by the worthy trio of examiners to increase, if possible, new interest in the cause of education in Briartown, and for that purpose their first official act was to announce that an "Exhibition of the Briartown Public-school" would be held at the school-house on an evening specified by them.

This building was circular in form and contained but one apartment. Elevated seats were arranged next to the walls. A blackboard stood near the center of the room, while the desk of Mr. Lasher Rapp was situated nearly opposite in such a position as enabled him to obtain a view of all his pupils. In the ceiling immediately over his desk was an aperture, several feet in circumference, leading to the attic, through which the bell-rope extended down and hung within easy reach. Leading from the attic to the roof was a small trap-door but seldom used. As may be supposed, Mr. Lasher Rapp was not beloved in Briartown above all

his countrymen, and subsequent events proved but too well the longings of the revengeful human heart to "get even."

Mrs. Dewberry had recently manufactured for domestic use a quantity of that very necessary, yet oft-time satirized, substance denominated soft soap, and had deposited the same in a barrel within an open wooden shed that adjoined her house. On the night of the "exhibition," after the audience had assembled, stealthily and noiselessly the trap-door on the roof, to which access had been gained by means of a ladder, was opened, and a vindictive rider of the remarkable "pony" descended within the inclosure, where he stood waiting the most favorable moment to empty the contents of a bucket filled with the product of Mrs. Dewberry's toil upon the person of the pedagogue beneath.

The programme of the committee of examiners was necessarily brief, inasmuch as a number of days prior to its preparation Mr. Lasher Rapp had sat alone with empty benches, looking viciously out of the school-house door, picturing to himself the terror the "Irish pony" would inspire in the hearts of those unfortunate youths who should venture a return to his dominions without a written "excuse" from parental authority. The order of exercises finally adopted was as follows:

Part I.

Sentimental Song,—“*The Empty Keg*,” . . . MR. LOQUACIOUS SNAG.
 Oration,—“*Dangers of the Jug*,” . . . MR. JOURNAL PLUG.
 Blackboard Exercises,—“*English Grammar*,” HON. SAINTLY SHAMMER.
 Impersonations—*Cæsar, Buonaparte, Cain, Abel’s Mishap*,
 MR. LASHER RAPP.

Part II.

Poetical Recitation,—“*Bug Juice*,” . . . MR. SLANGY SLEUCE.
 Essay,—“*Diseases of the Brain*,” . . . MRS. ELEGY NEWMINE.
 Oration,—“*Albino Bark the world will unshackle*,” . DOCTOR CACKLE
 Impersonations,—*Captain Finks, Ajax and a thunder clap*, . . .
 MR. LASHER RAPP.

The school-house bell had been rung for the second time and the seats were filled with an impatient audience when the members of the official board of examiners made their appearance. Each was dressed in his best apparel, vying even with Mr. Rapp, who was resplendent in a brand-new suit. The ancient white hat of the Hon. Saintly Shammer had been subjected to an application of ammonia and soap until its fresh and youthful appearance was quite astonishing. A wooden bench with a high back had been reserved for Mr. Rapp and these dignitaries immediately in the rear of the former’s desk and the dark hole in the ceiling that led to the impenetrable gloom of the attic.

Mr. Snag began the intellectual repast of the occa-

sion with his original, sentimental ballad, which is here reproduced:

“ THE EMPTY KEG.

Alas! the years have passed away;
It seems as though 't were yesterday
When I was full and did not beg,
But now I mourn—an empty keg.
My dearest friends ne'er pass'd me by,
But now I'm left alone to sigh;
Not one of them will move a peg
To aid me now—an empty keg.
Oft I bethink me, with 'red eye,'
Of those who helped to drink me dry;
Forsaken now with scarce a dreg,
This stave is from—an empty keg.”

Mr. Snag was loudly applauded at the conclusion of this affecting melody. Mr. Journal Plug, the next on the bill, then began his address:

“MY FRIENDS:—The first jug of which we have any account in history is the one which Mr. Joseph Jacob occupied in Egypt on account of some trouble he got into with Mrs. Pot—*Pot—if her* name has n't escaped me, I declare—but no matter, I'm not goin' to rake up an old slander on the young man.”

As Mr. Journal Plug was expected to deliver an address upon the evils of intoxication this singular method of opening his subject created a great sensation, and very much disgusted Doctor Cackle, who entertained a great antipathy to the sale of Mr. Slangy Sleuce's

cholera medicine in competition with his own great remedy.

The Rev. Jackson Highlow, of Frog Eye, a zealous apostle of temperance, had attended especially to hear Mr. Plug upon "The Dangers of the Jug." His disappointment found expression when he arose and stated that he could no longer remain silent and listen to such a gross perversion of the Scriptures,—that every body knew that Joseph had been imprisoned and in a *piti-*able condition sometime previous to his sojourn in Egypt. Mr. Plug, without noticing the interruption, continued :

"My friends: I will further assert that to-day the great moral question for millions of the human race—and especially the Hindoos—to decide is, whether they will have a *Jug-ger-naut*."

This extraordinary assertion contained such conclusive evidence of insanity that the other members of the official board were convinced that Mr. Journal Plug was suffering from another of "them spells," and Mr. Lasher Rapp immediately whispered in his ear to "cut it short." This brief and blunt request so incensed the gentleman that he took his hat and unceremoniously departed.

"His remarks were very brief, like them made by the young politisher at Bogg's school-house when he

got up to speak agin the opposite party. 'If Plato is correct about there bein' seven circles in hell them fellers deserve the hottest,' says he, and then he broke down, and could n't say nothin'; and that little congressman who was there said it was the best speech of the evenin', bein' as he had left 'em in such a mighty hot place," and Mr. Fix smiled at the Rev. Jackson Highlow, who being out of humor pretended not to hear him.

The Hon. Saintly Shammer now took a position in the middle of the floor, in front of the blackboard, having previously placed his rejuvenated hat upon the desk of Mr. Rapp. Holding a large piece of chalk in his hand he announced an intention of writing a few sentences "*to analyze.*"

"I'd thank you to keep your writin' to yourself. I'm a poor, lone widow, but that's no reason my feelin's should be hurt in this way; and if Mr. Dewberry was alive he would—boohoo—" and Mrs. Dewberry put her handkerchief to her eyes, and sobbed aloud.

Mr. Shammer, very much disconcerted, here wrote upon the blackboard:

The cow-slips in the orchard."

"You need n't be writin' your poetry to me about the cowslips in the orchard, Mr. Shammer. When Mr. Dewberry was alive he always gathered them for me—

boohoo—and he never forgot his dear Ann Elize—boohoo—” and Mrs. Dewberry’s sobs increased in frequency.

“I—I am astonished—really—this is a grammatical exercise. I—I uphold the system of Lindley Murray,” stammered Mr. Shammer, almost overcome with amazement.

“That’s my ticket—gin and sherry—sure ’s you ’re born—hurray for every body!” exclaimed Mr. Newmaine, in a voice pitched to the highest key.

The Rev. Jackson Highlow here arose, and said that it was evident Mrs. Dewberry had misunderstood Mr. Shammer’s intentions, and that in his opinion the black-board exercises had better be dispensed with. The Hon. Saintly Shammer, very much pleased at being extricated from his unenviable position, immediately sat down. Mrs. Newmaine, who had become alarmed at the increasing enthusiasm of her husband, begged to be excused from the part assigned her, and taking him by the shoulder marched him out of the building at a rapid pace.

Mr. Loquacious Snag, in a voice filled with emotion, declared that the incidents of the last few minutes had revived some painful memories,—that he remembered well when Mr. Dewberry was kicked by a mule, and met—an untimely end. He had written a short poem, and read it before the “Sublime Order of the Royal

Rhinoceros," of which deceased was a member, immediately after his obsequies. If there was no objection he would read this dirge as a substitute for the exercises which had been omitted. In solemn tones Mr. Snag now read this grave production:

"MR. DEWBERRY'S MULE.

"He was an animal of uncommon size—
The mule—not Mr. Dewberry;
He left a lone widow, named Ann Elize—
Not the mule—but Mr. Dewberry.

He had a limb both long and slim—
The mule—not Mr. Dewberry;
He was kicked in the stomach, and that ended him—
Not the mule—but Mr. Dewberry.

They put a blind-bridle over his eye—
The mule—not Mr. Dewberry;
And wept when they found their friend must die—
Not the mule—but Mr. Dewberry.

He had no children born to him—
The mule—not Mr. Dewberry;
At three o'clock they planted him in—
Not the mule—but Mr. Dewberry."

Mrs. Dewberry was so much affected at the conclusion of this poem that the Rev. Jackson Highlow volunteered to escort the lady home, and convoyed by him, weeping, she left the room. Just as they reached the door Doctor Cackle said in a low tone to the Rev.

Jackson Highlow: "If not better, give a pint and a half of my Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark—"

"To the mule—not Mrs. Dewberry," interrupted Mr. Slangy Sleuce sarcastically.

It was with some difficulty that order was again restored, for Dr. Cackle was very much incensed; but finally Mr. Lasher Rapp announced that he would reserve his own impersonations for the conclusion of the entertainment, and that Mr. Sleuce would favor the audience with the recitation of a poem composed by Mr. Snag. That individual at once began his task:

"BUG JUICE.

"Have you never heard of a kind of gin
That makes 'em fat as well as thin,
That makes 'em tight as well as loose?
Have you never heard of Slangy Sleuce
And his bug juice?

Have you never heard of a kind of rum
That makes 'em talk as well as dumb,
That fills with love and then abuse?
Have you never heard of Slangy Sleuce
And his bug juice?

Have you never heard of a kind of wine
That makes 'em dull and makes 'em shine,
That makes 'em bold or beg excuse?
Have you never heard of Slangy Sleuce
And his bug juice?"

How much longer he would have continued in this strain it is impossible to say, for just as he uttered the words "bug juice" the watchful occupant in the attic above let fall through the aperture in the ceiling a single drop of the contents of his bucket, which unfortunately entered Mr. Sleuce's open mouth, producing an effect unequaled even by the unrivaled fluid whose merits had just been sung. Mr. Sleuce coughed violently and raked his throat, then he sneezed and doubled himself into a knot, and then he rolled over on the floor gasping for breath. "Water," "water," "give me water," he uttered spasmodically.

"I've never knowed any body converted to a cold water man so quick as that in all my life, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix, as he hastily obtained for Mr. Sleuce a cup of nature's beverage.

"He's got an acute attack of periostracum. Give him a pint and a half of my Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark," said Doctor Cackle gruffly.

At last Mr. Sleuce recovered sufficiently to enable him to walk, and without stopping to resume his theme he started immediately in the direction of the Jim Jam saloon.

"It's entirely providential, and a judgment upon him for his wickedness in leading astray the youth of this land," said the Rev. Jackson Highlow, who

had just returned from his walk home with Mrs. Dewberry.

Mr. Lasher Rapp now announced that as the hour was growing late, and as the proper presentation of Doctor Cackle's interesting subject would require more time than could well be spared, the exercises would be concluded by himself in the impersonation, first, of Julius Cæsar; secondly, of Napoléon Buonaparte, and lastly, of Ajax defying the lightning.

Taking a position on the platform immediately under the aperture in the ceiling, Mr. Lasher Rapp buttoned his brand-new coat closely up to the chin. This article of apparel had been purchased "ready made," and Mr. Rapp had been assured that it "vas shust de fit;" but we regret to say it could have been "taken up" considerably, without detriment, in the back, and possessed the additional disadvantage of being very short in the tail; so much so, in fact, that Mr. Fix facetiously remarked that the lower portions of Mr. Rapp's anatomy on a cold day would be unaware of the existence of this garment. Mr. Rapp now pushed out his chest and drew in his stomach, at the same time throwing back his head. This position had the effect of drawing the extremities of his abbreviated coat still further up his back, and in this attitude he took several long stagy strides, then suddenly stopped, and then repeated the performance a number of times.

"I never knowed before that Julius Cæsar wore a bob-tailed coat. They had a cloak on him in the show at Pullitt's school-house," said Mr. Fix.

"A remarkable representation of character," said the Rev. Jackson Highlow.

"Very remarkable," said Mr. Shammer.

"Remarkable," said Mr. Snag.

"Very," said constable M'Gath.

Mr. Rapp, having concluded his impersonation of Julius Cæsar, bowed to the audience, and, throwing back his long bushy hair until it stood straight up and resembled a feather duster, folded his arms, inclined his head until his eyes rested on the floor a few feet in front of him, and in this position remained for several minutes.

"He looks like he had lost his umbreller and was tryin' to think where he had left it," said Mr. Fix.

"A remarkable resemblance to Napoleon," said the Rev. Jackson Highlow.

"Very remarkable," said Mr. Shammer.

"Remarkable," said Mr. Snag.

"Very," said constable M'Gath.

Unfolding his arms and throwing back his head with right arm and leg extended, Mr. Lasher Rapp as Ajax defying the lightning, now stood with defiant countenance gazing into darkness through the hole in the ceiling above his head.

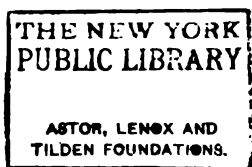
The patient watcher of passing events from his perch

in the attic realizing that now if ever he must strike a blow, suddenly dashed the contents of his bucket full upon the form of the great tragedian below. Over the desk and over the floor it splashed and ran. Mr. Lasher Rapp, staggered by this unexpected response to his challenge of electric force, vainly sought to recover his equilibrium. The slippery mass afforded him no foothold, and with a tremendous bump he fell upon the floor. All was confusion in an instant. The Hon. Saintly Shammer not perceiving the besmeared condition of his renovated hat suddenly clapped it upon his head. The next moment his mouth and eyes were full of the avenging liquid, with which it was nearly filled. Throwing it from him in a wild effort to relieve his condition the missile struck the Rev. Jackson Highlow on the head, causing that gentleman to address the Hon. Saintly Shammer in terms quite vigorous, if not profane. It is but fair to say that the friends of the reverend gentleman still maintain that his most unorthodox expression on that occasion was, "confound your shirt."

Mr. Lasher Rapp and the Hon. Saintly Shammer were in a most deplorable condition, but after long continued effort they were partially relieved and conducted to their respective homes. The Rev. Jackson Highlow announced that the benediction would be omitted, and that Mr. Rapp's performance concluded the "First Annual Exhibition of the Briartown Public-school."



Impersonation of Ajax.

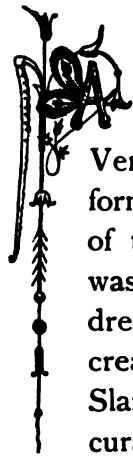


CHAPTER IX.

A REMARKABLE STRUCTURE—NEWMACHINE'S PATENT EQUINE
SELF-ADJUSTING LEG RESTRAINER—AN ACROBATIC
STEED—EXTRAORDINARY FEET.

*"But curses are like arrows, shot upright,
That oftentimes on the archer's head doth light."*

"VALIANT WELSHMAN."



PLAIN board fence was the boundary between the respective premises of Doctor Vermifuge Cackle and Mr. Slangy Sleuce. The former's residence approached within twenty feet of this established line, and the Jim Jam saloon was within full view, at a distance of several hundred yards. This close proximity seemed to increase rather than diminish the dislike of Mr. Slangy Sleuce for the renowned dispenser of curative elixirs. Woe to the domestic fowl or "harmless necessary cat" belonging to the latter that ventured through or under this partition fence. A shotgun in a corner of the Jim Jam saloon stood in readi-

ness to punish such intruders, who, when slain, were ignominiously hurled into their owner's yard. Even the doctor's faithful watch-dog lived in constant peril of his life, and by some strange sagacity recognized his foe, for at the sight of Mr. Slangy Sleuce his long hair stood erect as bristles, and his whole frame quivered with the utmost rage.

Mr. Slangy Sleuce and Mr. Elegy Newmaine were bosom friends, not alone by the force of natural affinity, but partially in consequence of the "cholera medicine" the former dispensed so freely. Doctor Vermifuge Cackle was the object of their mutual and unsparing criticism. Not content with this uncharitable display, however, they finally determined to erect a lofty barricade upon the premises of Mr. Sleuce, close to the partition fence, and immediately in front of Doctor Cackle's door. This wooden fabric would answer the double purpose of concealing from view the frequenters of the Jim Jam saloon, and also keep before the doctor's view a standing monument of their displeasure. Two tall poles were accordingly placed in the ground about twenty feet apart, and upon these supports pine boards were nailed until this singular superstructure reached an altitude above the neighboring houses, and cast its shadow on the doctor's domicile.

Although this unusual manner of expressing their antipathy was greatly censured, the people came for

miles to view the wonder. Passengers on the Galoot and Vinegar Slip Railroad craned their necks from the car windows to obtain a glimpse of this far famed and extraordinary architectural display. Doctor Cackle was very much enraged at these proceedings, and applied to Justice Scales for some process of law that would redress his grievance. That learned magistrate, after a careful examination of the subject, announced: "There is no referrin' in the statutes to a barricade, hunless the tall hobject is a *mandamus*, which, accordin' to my judgment, is a violation of the statute prohibitin' swearin'."

The Hon. Saintly Shammer being present here explained a *mandamus* to be a writ commanding the performance of a specified duty.

"If that there board pile is comin' into court you'll have to charter a yoke of oxen and adjourn to a ten-acre lot," said Constable M'Gath, in a tone of apprehension.

Doctor Cackle, for some unexplained reason, was not altogether satisfied with Justice Scales's legal decision, and announced his intention of consulting Mr. Socrates Snipe. In the mean time vague rumors obtained circulation that during some dark night the structure would be forcibly taken down. In consequence of these reports Mr. Elegy Newmaine and Mr. Slangy Sleuce kept nightly watch to guard it from destruction. Loud were their boasts of prowess, and direful were

their threats against the doctor and his minions should they dare disturb their handiwork. With shot-gun and revolver, bowie knife and bludgeon, they would extend no quarter to the invaders, but exterminate them all.

Inclement weather and broken rest at last compelled them to adopt another plan for its protection. Each night a number of steel traps with enormous jaws and formidable teeth were attached by chains to the upright poles; and connecting with each was a wire extending along the ground until it entered the Jim Jam saloon and was fastened to a large bell that hung behind the door. By means of this combination, which was the invention of Mr. Elegy Newmaine, it was intended, first, by means of the traps and chains, to catch and hold the trespassers; and, secondly, by the agency of the wires and bell, to notify the occupants of the Jim Jam saloon of the intruder's presence.

It was late one evening when Mr. Slangy Sleuce returned from the city with a barrel of "bug juice" in his old spring wagon, drawn by a vicious "plug," in whom a propensity to kick was a ruling passion, and for whose especial benefit Mr. Newmaine had invented a contrivance which he denominated "Newmaine's Patent Equine, Self-adjusting Leg Restrainer." This was a simple device, being merely two leather straps that were buckled to the surcingle and fastened to rings about the ankles of the refractory horse. As Mr.

Newmaine in his application for a patent explained, "if the steed should attempt to kick he could not elevate his heels to a greater height than the length of the 'Leg Restrainer.'"

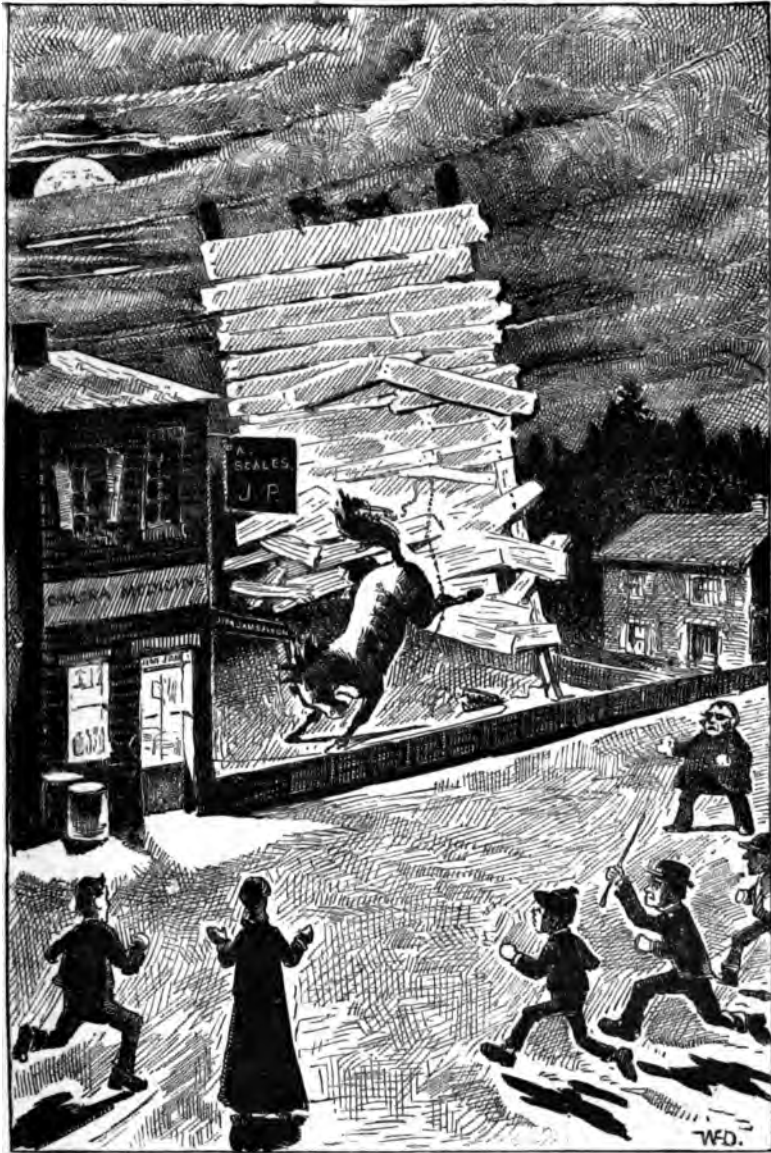
Unfortunately for the theory of Mr. Newmaine, the practical operation of this invention as applied to this particular animal was a decided failure, for, after the shock of his first surprise was over, he conceived the idea of standing on his head; and in performing this gymnastic exercise no acrobat could have exhibited greater skill. During his absence from home on this occasion, in consequence of an unusual flow of animal spirits, he was exceedingly vivacious, and had attempted several new and difficult feats of agility and strength, one of which was to back the wagon into a corner of the fence and sit down upon Mr. Sleuce's lap. Fortunately for that personage the dash-board thwarted his amiable endeavor. In consequence of this display of pleasantry, upon returning home he was hastily unhitched and, without being fed, unmercifully whipped by his owner and turned into a stable lot adjoining the yard in which stood the famous barricade.

Owing to a fresh supply of the exhilarating fluid, the Jim Jam saloon was soon at high tide in full view of the hungry horse. Whatever his reflections may have been respecting his own forlorn condition and the sounds of revelry so near him, just as the hour ap-

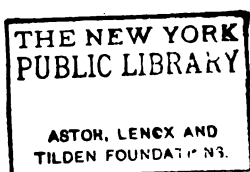
proached "when grave-yards yawn," with a single bound he cleared the fence, and found himself amid the most luxuriant pasturage. This ray of good fortune was soon obscured by a great cloud of disaster, for, as he wandered about unconscious of danger, the jaws of an immense steel trap suddenly closed upon his flowing tail with a grip of energy exceeding that which despoiled the good mare "Meg" when "Tam" rode home so "glorious." Vain were all attempts to escape from this iron grasp, and nerved to desperation the frantic steed began to kick.

This was no ordinary display of muscular activity, but a magnificent triumph of inherited talent and zealous cultivation. His iron-shod hoofs played havoc with the pine lumber of the wooden wall. His blows, like those of the "Black Knight" upon the postern-gate, as described in "Ivanhoe," might be heard above "all the din and shouts of battle." Board after board was shattered, splintered, or knocked off. Higher and harder sped the heels of the infuriated brute, until the structure was demolished near the ground, and becoming top-heavy from its own weight fell thundering to the earth. The chain and trap being more tenacious than his tail a portion of this appendage was left behind, while its owner, otherwise uninjured, sprang back into the inclosure from which he had unfortunately escaped.

Within the Jim Jam saloon confusion reigned su-



A Famous Structure.



preme. The tell-tale bell at every kick and plunge had rung loud and long, until at last the whole neighborhood was aroused by its intonations. From the rapidity, vigor, and long continuance of the resounding blows Mr. Slangy Sleuce and Mr. Elegy Newmaine were under the impression that an infuriated mob had attacked the premises; but at this eventful moment their courage failed—discretion ran while valor walked. Vain were all their previous boasts of deeds to be performed. The shot-gun still stood in the corner, but its owner and his bosom friend in terror crouched beside it, with pallid lips and nerveless hands. When Mr. Fix and Constable M'Gath, aroused from their slumbers, rushed into the Jim Jam saloon, they found it deserted and its late occupants hid in the cellar.

"What on earth are you fellers doin' down in *here*, I'd like to know?" said Constable M'Gath.

"O Lord, I'm so sick," groaned Mr. Elegy Newmaine.

"I—I—ain't very well—besides, I could n't leave *him* alone for fear he might die," said Mr. Slangy Sleuce, apparently very much relieved at the presence of Constable M'Gath.

"He's like the chap what got drafted into the army. He said he couldn't soldier, for his wife was sick, and besides his own health was a failin'. Then they got the big surgeon to examine his case, and he

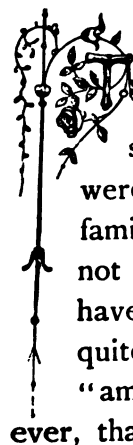
told 'em that the woman was well, but that the poor feller himself was actually very much — indisposed — to go," and Mr. Fix smiled blandly as he assisted Mr. Newmaine to the apartment above. Constable M'Gath performed a like service for Mr. Slangy Sleuce, who promised that officer that on the morrow the shattered fragments of Briartown's most unique and famous structure should be removed. He fulfilled his pledge, and thus passed away an object entitled to an exalted rank among the wonders of the world.

CHAPTER X.

DOCTOR CACKLE'S SILVER WEDDING—LOVE ON HORSEBACK—
AN ANCIENT FAMILY — THE QUACKELDARI COAT OF
ARMS—SINGULAR TRANSMUTATION OF A KNIGHT OF THE
MIDDLE AGES—MR. LYMAN PEEK'S GLOWING REPORT IN
THE PORCUPINE JOURNAL.

*"Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth of which I stand compacted,
But be pleased to know the ashes of my ancestors if intermingled in the
Tomb with kings could hardly be distinguished."*

"QUEEN OF ARAGON."



THE social fabric of Briartown was shaken to its center when cards of invitation to the silver wedding of Doctor Vermifuge Cackle were addressed to the oldest and most aristocratic families of the neighborhood. Those who were not thus highly favored, and who "really could n't have gone" if the fact had been otherwise, were quite sanguine in the belief that it would n't "amount to much after all." It was evident, however, that extensive and elaborate preparations were

in progress, and when the evening arrived and the "Briartown Brass Band," consisting of three pieces—a trombone, violin, and triangle—took up a position on the portico in front of the doctor's residence, and began to play "Come up, John, and, Sallie, go down the middle," Mrs. Dewberry declared that it was perfectly "scrumptious;" but this, like many other comparisons made by her, no one but herself understood.

The guests arrived early, and soon thereafter the exercises of the interesting occasion began. The Rev. Jackson Highlow, of Frog Eye, who had performed the marriage ceremony for the doctor and his amiable wife a quarter of a century before, made a brief statement of the circumstances attending that interesting event, one of which created considerable merriment, being the fact that it was a runaway match, and that, like "young Lochinvar" and the "lost bride of Netherby," the doctor and his affianced had ridden a horse at a full run for many miles with the lady's exasperated father in close pursuit.

At the conclusion of the Rev. Jackson Highlow's remarks Mr. Loquacious Snag read a poem, which was pronounced by Mr. Lyman Peek, the literary critic of the *Porcupine Journal*, to be one of the finest in the English language, entitled:

LOVE ON HORSEBACK.

1. An angry parent fumed and swore
That he must never darken his door;
He'd given his orders once before;
If he come again he'd boot him sure.
2. The youth was rather hard to tackle,
Whose freedom he desired to shackle;
The maid was fair without a freckle,
And dearly loved by Doctor Cackle.
3. The horse was feeding in the corral,
Out of an up-turned water barrel—
A great big, handsome, blooded sorrel,
Swift as the wind, tough as the laurel.
4. The doctor's feelings began to bubble,
Love coursed his veins as fire the stubble;
The horse was bridled without much trouble,
He knew the beast would carry double.
5. He went right up to the lady's door;
She got on behind and he before;
Her father determined to have the gore
Of his daughter Betsy's ardent wooer.
6. He got an old musket off the rack,
And saddled a mule by the name of Jack,
Who stood in the yard with a sore back,
And a mouth so hard 'twould turn a tack.
7. The doctor rode with all his might,
And Betsy held him mighty tight;
The sorrel ran like the rays of light,
Although it was ten o'clock at night,

8. The old man whipped his jaded steed,
But Jack was forced to slacken speed,
For soon his back began to bleed,
And he got exceedingly weak-kneed.
9. At last the mule in desperation
Began to jump like all creation,
Reduced his rider's elevation,
Who muttered something like "darnation."
10. A knock at the Rev. Highlow's door,
A couple standing on the floor,
You take this woman—and you—I do—what more?
That's all—yes, I remember now—she wore—
11. The smile whose sunny radiance shedding
She wears to-night at this, her silver wedding.

"That last verse is perfectly *deficient*," said Mrs. Dewberry to the Rev. Jackson Highlow, as soon as Mr. Snag had concluded.

"Perfectly exquisite you mean, sister Dewberry," said the reverend gentleman.

"Yes, that's it, brother Highlow; and I think the eighth and ninth verses are *so* scrumptious," and a sentimental shadow stole over the lady's countenance.

"I think Mr. Snag possesses the power of true genius in his wonderful attention to details. Notice that peculiarity in the second verse: 'The maid was fair without a freckle.' Again, in the fourth verse: 'He knew the beast would carry double.' And again,

still more prominently, in the fifth verse: 'Who stood in the yard with a sore back,'" said Mr. Lyman Peek, the intelligent representative of the *Porcupine Journal*, addressing Mrs. Dewberry.

"And to think of the poor thing being saddled in that condition. It must have hurt him dreadful," replied the lady.

"Not so bad as he did the old chap when he 'reduced his elevation,' as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix.

Mr. Lasher Rapp, who was present, was now requested to read a short history of the Cackle family, which had been prepared by the doctor with great care. This manuscript set out in detail a great many interesting events as follows:

"HISTORY OF THE CACKLES.

"The Cackle family is very ancient and very honorable. The English line began with General Quirinal Quackeldari, a Roman officer, who was stationed by the order of Julius Cæsar on the Island of Albion, now known as Britain, and who married a native princess. Their descendants held large estates and high rank until William the Conqueror came over from Normandy. Their property was then partitioned among that monarch's followers, as appears from the Domesday-book,

with the exception of the estates which belonged to one member of the family, Lord Quackeldari, an eminent surgeon, who had removed a wart from the nose of the Conqueror, who out of gratitude made him an earl.

"The title and estates had continued in this branch of the family. The other descendants became distinguished dignitaries of Church and state. During the contest between Parliament and Charles the First they espoused the cause of the former, and after the accession of Charles the Second were subjected to persecution, and *three* surviving brothers came to America. At this time the last two syllables of the name were dropped. The members of the family had inherited a natural aptitude for medicine and surgery, and the name of *Quackle* being too suggestive in that connection it was finally changed to Cackle. The doctor is a great-grandson of the great-grandson of the oldest of the three brothers.

"The family has largely increased in numbers. There are now about forty-seven hundred Cackles in the United States. The doctor's children are all very intelligent. The greatest difficulty their parents contended with in rearing them was a predisposition to great mental activity—the brain is too large for the body. This peculiarity they inherited from their father. The doctor himself is high minded, generous to a fault,

and public spirited in a great degree. He has contributed much to the welfare of mankind, but the crowning benefaction is the bequest to the world of his wonderful Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark.

“The doctor is an ardent admirer of republican institutions, but at the same time rejoices in the intelligence and virtue of his noble ancestry. The family coat of arms is a quartered shield, emblazoned with a goose rampant, wings and neck extended, and a chevron bearing a Roman nose. These objects were emblematic of two great events in the history of the family. When Trianius Flabergasticus was in command of the garrison at Rome the Goths besieged the city, and the quacking of a flock of geese gave the Romans warning of an approach of the enemy at night. General Coriolanus Quackeldari, progenitor of the officer who was stationed in Britain, on that occasion performed great deeds of valor, and Trianius Flabergasticus, the commanding general, directed that henceforth he should bear upon his shield the image of a goose.

“The second event was that previously referred to—the removal of an excrescence from the proboscis of William of Normandy by Earl Peter Quackeldari, who subsequently commanded the latter to emblazon upon his shield a Roman nose. The doctor now has in his possession the ancient and curious armor of one of his

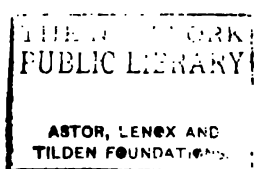
ancestors hanging upon his library wall, which will well repay inspection. An invitation is now extended to those who desire to make an examination of these venerable objects."

Mr. Lasher Rapp having concluded this interesting family history the doctor and his guests proceeded to the library. To make an impression as vivid as possible the doctor had previously prepared an effigy, upon which he had fastened the accouterments of war, and suspended it behind a screen. By drawing this aside there was suddenly exposed to view what seemed to be a knight of the Middle Ages; a veritable crusader, sword in hand, panoplied with a coat of mail, and visor down. The doctor paused a moment—the spectators sat expectantly in a semicircle behind him—then with a rapid motion he drew aside the curtain. He gave but one glance, and fell back suddenly in Mrs. Dewberry's arms. "Hail, horrors, hail!" The chivalrous knight who with Richard the Lion-hearted besieged Jerusalem had suddenly disappeared, and in his stead there hung a gigantic codfish suspended by the tail.

It is strange that human nature is sometimes prone to laugh at the woes of others. To do so on this occasion was hardly decorous, and at first, by great efforts of repression, the guests of the doctor only smiled, then came a spasmodic giggle and finally a general roar



Doctor Cackle's Silver Wedding.



that dwarfed the sound of many waters. Doctor Cackle soon recovered sufficiently to denounce the perpetrators of this act of substitution, although their identity was then unknown, and has remained so ever since. The venerable crusader was found early the next morning tied astride of an adjoining fence, apparently gazing with rapture upon the glories of the rising sun.

The doctor's friends, notwithstanding his disappointment, were in excellent humor, and when supper was announced disposed of the tempting viands in a manner that reflected great credit on Mrs. Cackle's culinary art. When all had reassembled in the parlors Mr. Lyman Peek and Mrs. Dewberry introduced for the first time in Briartown a new and fashionable dance—the "German." The favors on this occasion consisted of paper rosettes of different hues. The figures, candor compels me to state, were responded to with far more energy than grace, there being an evident predisposition on the part of the gentlemen to relapse into the "double shuffle," and other movements of a similar character.

The Rev. Jackson Highlow immediately after supper and before the dancing began had taken his departure, a procedure that reflected great credit on that gentleman's discretion in the opinion of the members of his Church who desired to participate in the exhilarating

exercise. On similar occasions I have noticed that well-trained and considerate pastors uniformly take their leave early.

Mrs. Dewberry espying Justice Scales challenged that personage to dance with her ; but, remembering his sad experience in the hall of the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros," he begged to be excused.

"I am mad at you," said Mrs. Dewberry smiling, shaking her finger at the learned magistrate.

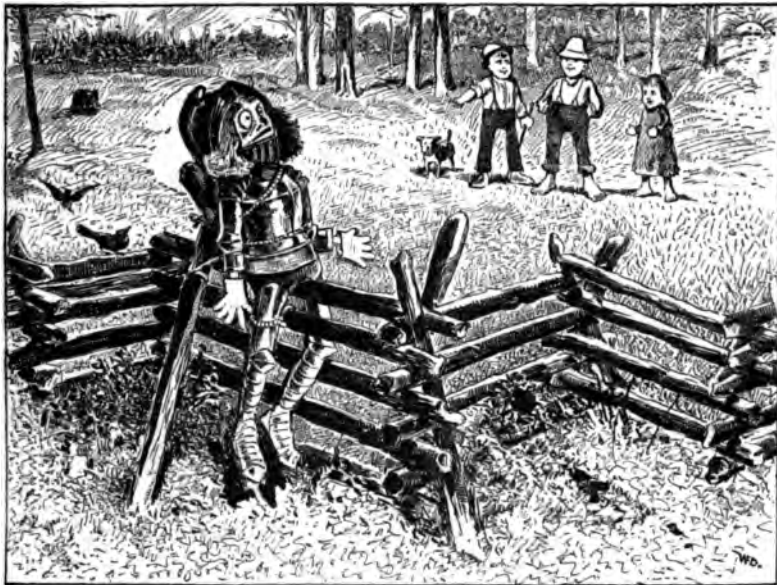
"She has entertained a Peek the whole evening," said Mr. Fix drily.

Mrs. Dewberry's face slightly colored as she remarked that Mr. Lyman Peek was "perfectly deficient."

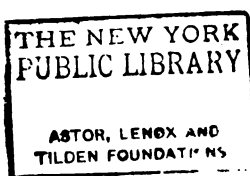
It was evident to the most casual observer that the gentleman thus referred to reciprocated the lady's good opinion, and it was all the more apparent when with a pencil he scrawled upon her palm leaf fan the following lines :

"Mrs. Ann Elize Dewberry,
Is she handsome? Very.
Does she know it? Query."

The small hours of the morning arrived before the company dispersed and Doctor Cackle and his pleasant family bade their guests good-night. Mr. Lyman Peek wrote a glowing account of the doctor's silver wedding for the *Porcupine Journal*, which we here reproduce :



A Knight of the Middle Ages.



"ELEGANT SOCIETY EVENT IN BRIARTOWN.*

"The most fashionable and brilliant social event of the season was given last evening at the residence of Doctor Vermifuge Cackle, in Briartown, on the occasion of his silver wedding. The residence was adorned with beautiful flowers and fragrant with choice exotics. The great chandeliers illuminated a scene of infinite beauty and a company of rare wealth and intelligence. In the "German" Mr. Lyman Peek led with Mrs. Dewberry, and the favors were most beautiful. The refreshments invited the most fastidious taste.

Among those prominently present were Justice Scales, Mrs. Justice Scales, Prof. Lasher Rapp, Mrs. Prof. Lasher Rapp, Prof. Junius Bump, Mrs. Prof. Junius Bump, Rev. Jackson Highlow, Mr. Loquacious Snag, Mrs. Snag, and Mrs. Ann Elize Dewberry. We have not space to give the names of the others present. The toilets were of the costliest character, and vied with the richest of those of royal courts.

For the benefit of our lady readers we will describe one especially beautiful and elaborate, worn by the charming Mrs. Dewberry and made by Worth. Mrs. Dewberry wore a waterproof cloak, knotted at the back, looped at the sides, and fastened with marigolds. Flannel skirt demi-trained and untrimmed. Rubber shoes overlaid with sarcenet. Ornaments—necklace of beads, double strand, variegated glass and very distinguished."

This notice in some degree consoled Doctor Cackle for the mortification he had experienced; but for a long time thereafter he was very sensitive to the jeers of Mr. Slangy Sleuce in reference to the *one* embarrassing incident that had marred the pleasure of his silver wedding.

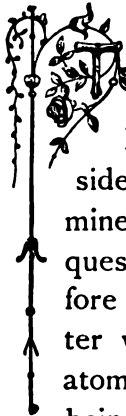
* Modeled after a recent effusion of Mr. "Jenkins" in the daily press.

CHAPTER XI.

BALLOON ASCENSION OF PROFESSOR A. ROSS TITUS AND MR. JUSTICE SCALES—WONDERFUL DISCOVERY OF "ETHEREAL NUCLEI"—EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF "ANIMAL MAGNETISM" UPON JUSTICE SCALES AT AN ALTITUDE OF SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA—TRIUMPHAL RETURN TO BRIARTOWN.

*"He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journeyed fifty miles and found
No sign that it was circular anywhere."*

BYRON.



HE membership of the "Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society" having been recently increased by the not inconsiderable addition of Justice Scales, it was determined by that body to attempt the solution of a question which had been previously discussed before it—this mooted problem being whether matter was composed of "elastic ether and inelastic atoms," or "ethereal nuclei," the first proposition being maintained by Doctor Cackle and the latter by Mr. Snag and Justice Scales. For the purpose of

determining so important a question it was deemed advisable that a member of the society should make a balloon ascension, and attain as lofty an altitude as possible, the supposition being that the "ethereal nuclei" were compactly massed about forty-five miles above the surface of the earth. Just what an "ethereal nuclei" is no one but a scientist knows, and, owing to the poverty of our language, he can not yet explain.

Prof. A. Ross Titus, the celebrated aeronaut of Frog Eye, by direction of Justice Scales, began the construction of an immense balloon of sufficient size to carry the latter gentleman and himself in its baskets, and also a horse, which was to be attached by ropes and swung below. The object of elevating the steed, as explained by Doctor Cackle, was "to ascertain in the interest of science whether animal magnetism or gravity is the superior force." In a paper contributed by Doctor Cackle to the *Kinetic Columbian*, he explained how this was to be determined as follows:

"The animal is to be fed on an admixture of iron rust and oats to increase the magnetic current. At an altitude of seventy-five thousand feet above the level of the sea metal balls are to be lowered to a point vertically under and opposite the horse by means of a cord attached to an instrument for measuring weights. Observations will then be taken by Prof. A. Ross Titus

and Mr. Anthony Scales, member of the 'Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society,' who has volunteered to accompany him. If the cord hangs vertically this will demonstrate the major power of gravity; but if the balls describe a parabolic curve, meeting the horse at the vertex of the conic, a new and startling discovery of the power of animal magnetism will be made."

As may be supposed an occurrence of so much importance was anticipated by all classes with profound interest, and as the time approached that had been designated for the ascension to take place it became the engrossing topic of conversation in Briartown and throughout the adjoining country. The balloon, when completed, was equipped with two baskets—a smaller one above a larger. The former was to be occupied by Prof. A. Ross Titus and the larger one by Justice Scales. The basket provided for Justice Scales was so arranged that it could be folded up, and when in use the bottom was fastened to its place by iron catches. To provide against dangerous contingencies a rope was fastened to the balloon and looped in such manner that it could encircle the waist of Justice Scales.

The amiable steed belonging to Mr. Slangy Sleuce since the night of his remarkable achievements had become entirely demoralized, owing either to the success

that had attended his physical efforts or the strain upon his nervous system, for on several subsequent occasions when Mr. Sleuce attempted to hitch him to the old spring wagon he at once began a series of performances of the most astonishing character. Under these circumstances there was little difficulty experienced by Justice Scales in obtaining this animal from Mr. Sleuce for the purposes of scientific investigation; and, very much to the gratification of the quadruped himself, he was thenceforward well supplied with a tonic of iron rust and oats.

An open lot had been selected in Briartown from which the ascension was to be made, and at the appointed time the balloon was transported thither, and the work of its inflation began. During the process a crowd of enormous size had assembled and was eagerly waiting to witness the beginning of the aerial voyage. Justice Scales was loudly cheered when he made his appearance, although it was evident that his most intimate friends fully realized the dangers attending his enterprise.

"I think the whole business is exceedingly *querulous*," said Mrs. Dewberry, addressing the Rev. Jackson Highlow.

"Exceedingly perilous you mean, sister Dewberry."

"Yes, that 's it, brother Highlow; and while I 'm not opposed to these conversation societies, Mr. Scales is

so stout that if he should fall from the clouds it would jar his whole system.

"I would n't like to be under him," said Mr. Lasher Rapp, whose recollection of falling substances was yet quite vivid.

"If I was goin' to undertake a trip in that 'ere basket with a patent bottom I'd engage an undertaker, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix, as he pointed to the catches with which the bottom of the basket was secured.

"They need n't be botherin' so long with them gas generators when Doctor Cackle is about," said Mr. Sleuce.

"It's harder to fill up with hydro-gin than some other kinds," retorted the doctor, who overheard his remark.

Professor A. Ross Titus now announced that the balloon was sufficiently inflated, and that after Mr. Sleuce's horse had been fastened to it, and Mr. Anthony Scales had taken his position in the basket, he would loosen the ropes and begin his upward flight.

The "plug" was then brought forward, and an effort made to tie him, at which proceeding he became exceedingly indignant, and manifested his displeasure by standing on his head and then on his hind legs alternately, until, finally, by means of pulleys and a derrick he was

lifted off of his feet, and while in this position tied to the balloon. A rope was placed around the waist of Justice Scales, who climbed into the basket, while Professor A. Ross Titus mounted to his place above. The fastenings were then severed and the balloon shot upward. To the consternation of all it was now discovered that the pulleys remained fastened to the animal. The balloon in its efforts to ascend tugged with such force that at last the pulley ropes gave way, but not until the horse was stripped of all his fastenings save one huge rope which slipped forward to his shoulders and left him hanging at full length despite his struggles to get free. The great air-ship now sailed majestically away, Professor A. Ross Titus waving his hat to the cheering multitude below, while Justice Scales looked down with apprehension lest the last remaining rope that bound the unfortunate "plug" to the balloon should slip or break and precipitate the animal to destruction.

The crowd that had speeded the departing aeronauts remained gazing into the clouds until the balloon had dwindled to a speck and finally disappeared. Many were the surmises and fears expressed in regard to the safety of the explorers. Doctor Cackle was much chagrined that in the excitement he had forgotten to furnish them with a bottle of his "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark," as was also Mr. Loquacious

Snag that he had omitted to read a poem, the manuscript of which was in his pocket.

"Mr. Scales looks like a lovely *belzebub* floatin' in the sky," said Mrs. Dewberry.

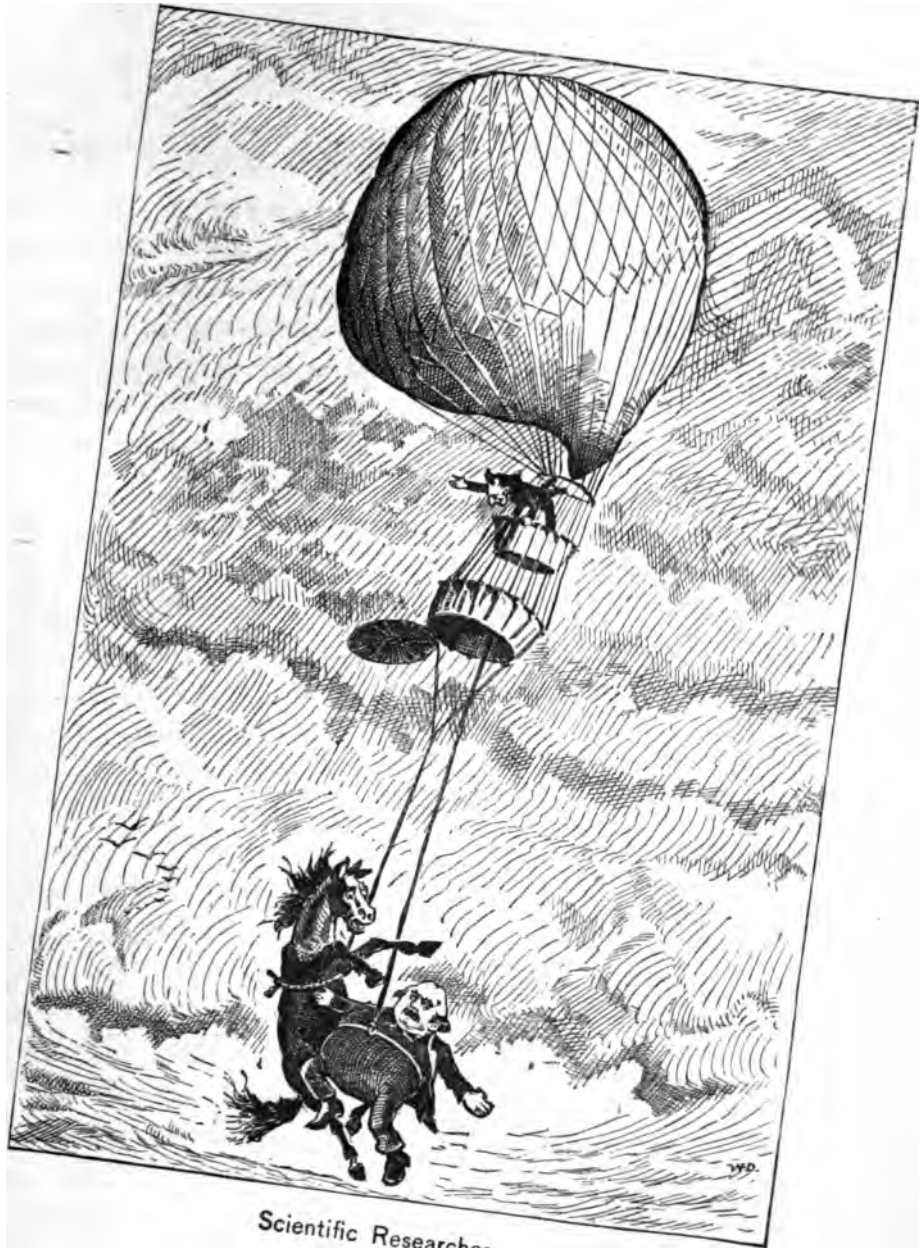
"A lovely cherub you mean, sister Dewberry," said the Reverend Jackson Highlow.

"He's more like old Elder Snivelin' when that chap wanted to borrow two dollars," said Mr. Fix, addressing the Reverend Jackson Highlow.

"I know Elder Snivelin', who has done a great deal of good for the heathen, but I perceive no resemblance," said the reverend gentleman.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was as I heard it. A chap in the Church was purty well fixed, and when Snivelin' wanted a 'fifty' to buy tracts to send to Timbuctoo he always called on that feller to get it, sayin' as how his bread would come back on the waters. But the chap lost his money, and bein' hard up asked Snivelin' to lend him two dollars. 'Have you got any collateral?' says he. 'Yes, plenty.' 'What is it?' 'An order for some of that bread on the waters.' Now, they say that old Snivelin' just locked up his safe, as he rolled up his eyes, and remarked that his treasures were laid up above, and that he had an *heir-ship* in the heavens, and *there's* where the resemblance comes in," said Mr. Fix, looking very complacently.

"I have no doubt but that it is a base slander upon



Scientific Researches.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

a pillar of the Church, a philanthropist, and a very worthy gentleman," and the Rev. Jackson Highlow, with Mrs. Dewberry leaning on his arm, turned indignantly away.

"He's one of them chaps what is always tryin' to do somethin' for every body in general and nothin' for nobody in particular. Yes, he's a philanthropist, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," and Mr. Fix's countenance assumed the air of one who has made an important discovery.

"I have seen many magnificent spectacles, but this exceeds them all," said Professor A. Ross Titus, addressing Justice Scales, as he gazed in admiration upon the panorama below.

"High forgot them spectacles hof mine," said Mr. Scales.

"In this ethereal region it seems as though I shared another sphere."

"High hain't afeerd for nothin' but this 'ere 'oss what's hangin' hunder us."

"Amid such sublime surroundings the attractions of earth lose all their power."

"The hattraction of earth is—" but before Justice Scales could complete his observations in regard to that potent influence the patent bottom of his basket suddenly unfastened, and the learned magistrate and scientific explorer descended with great velocity the length

of the rope which out of abundant caution had been looped about him. Suspended in this manner he swung in company with the amiable "plug," whose fate he had so recently commiserated.

"Hoh, Lord! hoh, Lord! I shall die," groaned Justice Scales.

"Do n't be alarmed, my dear sir; it is the most extraordinary exhibition of animal magnetism on record," said Professor A. Ross Titus.

"This 'ere 'oss is tryin' to get his legs 'round my body—hoh, Lord! hoh, Lord!"

"Be patient, my dear sir; you are illustrating the devotion of those noble souls who, in the pursuit of science deem no personal sacrifice too great," said Professor A. Ross Titus, as he made a memorandum in his book as follows:

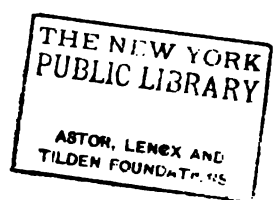
"Five o'clock. Altitude, seventy-five thousand feet above the level of the sea. Temperature, 300 degrees below zero. Experiments eminently satisfactory. 'Ethereal nuclei' detected in vast quantities. At this elevation the most wonderful phenomena exhibited. The force of gravity entirely overcome by the attraction of animal magnetism. My assistant drawn by the latter force through the bottom of a willow basket twenty feet."

"This 'ere 'oss is restin' hisself on me; 'elp! hoh, Lord!"

"Exercise your fortitude, my dear sir, for we are now making a descent."



A Triumphal Return.



"High can't hexercise nothin' with him sittin' hon me in this 'ere way; hoh, Lord! high shall die."

In a very brief period the balloon reached the earth, or rather water, for unfortunately the professor's ballast had become exhausted, and his vessel landed in the middle of a rapid stream. This accident would have been disastrous to the cause of science, and her daring devotees as well, had not the "plug," with an energy born of desperation swam ashore with Professor A. Ross Titus clinging to his tail, and Mr. Justice Scales and the tattered fragments of the balloon in tow. Deplorable as was the condition of these gentlemen the consciousness of having contributed immensely to the cause of science sustained their spirits; and mounted upon the heroic animal which had proved their benefactor they rode triumphantly back to Briartown.

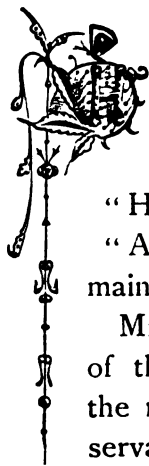
Thus grandly terminated an experiment which has, in scientific circles throughout the world, placed high upon the scroll of fame the names of Professor A. Ross Titus and Mr. Justice Scales.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HON. SAINTLY SHAMMER AND MR. SOCRATES SNIPE ARE
NOMINATED FOR CONGRESS—BROTHER HEZEKIAH TABER-
NACLE ARRESTED AS A SPY—A COMMUNISTIC PLATFORM—
SURRENDER OF BRIARTOWN.

*"Treason never prospers ; what's the reason ?
Why, when it prospers none call it treason."*

ANON.



"URRAY for Shammer !" shouted Mr. Sleuce
as he stood on the depot platform.

"And a rope to hang him," said Mr. Rapp.

"Hurrah for Snipe !" said Doctor Cackle.

"And a rope to hang *him*," yelled Mr. New-
maine.

Mr. Loquacious Snag had just received a copy
of the *Porcupine Journal*, and had read aloud
the nominations made for Congress by the Con-
servative and Radical parties, the Hon. Saintly
Shammer having been placed in nomination by the
former and Mr. Socrates Snipe by the latter of these
organizations.

"Read the Conservative platform," said Mr. Journal Plug.

Mr. Snag now leaned up against a telegraph pole that stood in front of the depot building, and began reading :—

"WHEREAS, all just powers are derived from the consent of the governed, therefore be it—

"*Resolved*, That the representatives of the Conservative party in convention assembled affirm their unalterable allegiance to the ancient and time-honored principles of the party.

"*Resolved*, That we will oppose by all lawful methods the pernicious, beastly, and diabolical aims of the Radical party.

"*Resolved*, That we are in favor of a strict construction and a latitudinarian interpretation of the fundamental charter.

"*Resolved*, That we advocate such legislation as will maintain the honor and glory of our common country.

"*Resolved*, That the Conservative ticket will be elected."

"I should think every body could stand on a safe platform like that," said Mr. Sleuce triumphantly as Mr. Snag concluded his reading.

"It's like Parson Shilling's sermon. He said the Lord would damn 'em if they did n't repent, and he'd damn some of 'em anyhow; but as nobody could tell which of 'em was goin' to be damned and which was n't the safest plan for 'em all was the best," remarked Mr. Fix, who had been an attentive listener.

"I don't see any *pint* in that story," said Mr. Sleuce.

"Perhaps you can see one in your pocket," said Mr. Fix.

"Read the Radical platform, Mr. Snag," said Mr. Rapp.

In accordance with this request Mr. Snag resumed reading :—

"WHEREAS, All men are entitled to the enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, therefore be it—

"*Resolved*, That we are in favor of the largest liberty consistent with the views of the most enlightened and civilized portions of mankind.

"*Resolved*, That the Radical party embraces the most enlightened and civilized portions of mankind.

"*Resolved*, That we oppose the vicious tendencies of the Conservative party.

"*Resolved*, That we are in favor of reform.

"*Resolved*, That, relying upon the rectitude of our intentions, we appeal to the considerate judgment of mankind."

"Now that's something like what a platform should be—clear, candid, conclusive, and cantankerous," said Mr. Rapp.

"It *can't anchor us*, sure's yer born. Hurray for Shammer," yelled Mr. Newmaine.

"It's a little inflated, like old Raison, who kept the tan-yard, when that feller says to him, 'Mr. Raison, you are a gentleman of general and extensive knowledge [Raison swelled right up], and are well informed upon most every subject [Raison got a foot higher].

Can you tell me where I can borrow a brier scythe?' [and then Raison let down like a pair of bellows and got very mad,]" said Mr. Fix, addressing Mr. Rapp.

"I do n't see the application myself, but some folks love to dilate," said Doctor Cackle, looking very much disgusted.

"I've knowed some folks what did n't *die late*; but of course it was n't the fault of their physician, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix.

What's this?" said Mr. Snag, suddenly, apparently very much agitated, as he stared at the paper.

"Read it," exclaimed a number of voices in chorus.

Mr. Snag now read an article in the editorial columns of the *Porcupine Journal* as follows:

"THE RED HAND OF THE COMMUNE!—THE CARBONARI OF ITALY IN OUR MIDST!!

"The worst elements of our population have organized for the purpose of indiscriminate pillage, robbery, and murder. The horrible scenes enacted in Paris and elsewhere in the old world are to be reproduced upon our shores. These men are banded together with signs and grips, and fearful oaths. Their avowed purpose is to *redistribute property, abolish the family ties, overthrow religion, and establish the Commune!* There is but one effectual method of dealing with these people, and that is to destroy them. The military power of the government must crush them out, or this republic will inevitably perish. In the name of law and order, the rights of property, and the best interests of society, we call upon our people to awaken to their danger. This organization has arranged for a series of out-door public meet-

ings, the first of which *will be held in Briartown* on the evening of the 15th of the present month. We advise both the civil and military authorities to be on the alert."

In the presence of this colossal danger all bickerings between the friends of the Hon. Saintly Shammer and Mr. Socrates Snipe instantly ceased, and a Committee of Safety was at once organized, with Justice Scales at its head, and a meeting for consultation appointed in the hall of the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros."

"Call for the 'Frog Eye Invincibles,' and declare martial law," said Doctor Cackle, as soon as the committee had assembled.

"The Frog High Hinvincibles will come into Court, and high declare that Constable M'Gath is Marshal of this 'ere town," said Justice Scales.

"That's not the way to declare martial law. Major Bloodstone Slaughter must take possession of the town, and proclaim that his will must govern," said Doctor Cackle.

"Accordin' to the statutes Major Slaughter's *will* would honly begin operatin' after he was dead," replied Justice Scales.

"I suggest that a *posse comitatus* be obtained by Constable M'Gath to act in conjunction with the 'Frog Eye Invincibles,'" said the Hon. Saintly Shammer, who had just arrived.

"There hain't no hanimal show in Briartown," said Justice Scales.

"I do n't understand what an animal show has to do with this matter," said Mr. Shammer, with an air of importance.

"I 'd like to know, then, where Constable M'Gath is goin' to obtain the *hippopotamus*," said Justice Scales.

"Permission to speak in Briartown ought to be refused, on the ground that such a meeting will provoke a breach of the peace," said Mr. Socrates Snipe.

"That 's what 's the matter, sure 's yer born. I 'm provoked now. Hurray for Shammer!" said Mr. Newmaine, who was evidently suffering from a violent attack of his old malady.

At last it was arranged that Constable M'Gath should attend the communistic meeting with a number of special deputies, and that the "Frog Eye Invincibles," under the command of Major Bloodstone Slaughter, should be stationed within easy call for the protection of the lives and property of the citizens of Briartown.

"I s'pose that missin' link what stole my hovercoat wanted a divide," said Justice Scales.

"I do n't see how that feller could wear it unless it was divided," said Constable M'Gath.

The Committee of Safety having perfected their arrangements great anxiety prevailed in Briartown as the

time approached for the contemplated meeting; and when the eventful day arrived the entire village was apparently in a state of siege, doors and windows being barred, and every precaution taken to resist the assault of the bloodthirsty invaders. Early in the afternoon the "First Battalion of Frog Eye Invincibles," under command of Major Bloodstone Slaughter, marched into town to the inspiring strains of "The Blue-tailed Fly," as rendered by the Briartown brass band. The special deputies of Constable M'Gath were ordered to closely observe the appearance of every stranger, and if they noticed any thing suspicious to instantly report the same to the Committee of Safety. Whether the leaders of the communistic party becoming advised of these proceedings concluded to abandon so unpromising a field, or the announcement in the *Porcupine Journal* was the result of misinformation, certain it is that no one with horns and cloven hoofs and majestic tail appeared in Briartown to decimate its population.

Late in the afternoon, however, Brother Hezekiah Tabernacle, an elderly Shaker vending peaceful brooms and useful ax handles, drove up to the grocery store. He wore a suit of drab and a low-crowned white hat with a brim-of unusual width. His hair was long, as was his tranquil face, and in speaking he drawled his words in a peculiar "sing-song" way. The moment he alighted from his vehicle he became an object of

suspicion. In his placid countenance and calm exterior, denoting an unruffled spirit, the Committee of Safety discerned a cunning ruse, a crafty subterfuge. To them he was a Communistic spy, sent on this mission to obtain a knowledge of their plans and preparations. His ax handles were instruments to be used 'in carrying out the enemy's designs. His brooms were symbols illustrating the idea of "a clean sweep." In vain were his protestations of innocence, and without much ceremony he was hustled into the presence of that august body, the Committee of Safety.

"What is your name?" said Justice Scales.

"V-e-r-i-l-y, v-e-r-i-l-y, it is y-e-a and n-a-y and amen."

"Where do you live?" said Doctor Cackle.

"A l-a-n-d that f-l-o-w-e-t-h with milk and h-o-n-e-y, ki yi."

"Where's them other fellers what was goin' to take this 'ere town?" said Justice Scales.

"And the w-a-l-l-s of J-e-r-i-c-h-o fell down, ki yi, when the h-o-r-n-s of the r-a-m-s were b-l-o-w-n."

"We've got enough of *that* now, you can't play off on us, old feller; you're a Communist, and are warrin' agin' society," said Constable M'Gath.

"The m-a-n of s-i-n, he r-a-g-e-t-h like a l-i-o-n, ki-yi."

"We don't want any more of *your* lyin', and if you don't confess the whole business we'll send you to jail," said Doctor Cackle.

"The c-a-r-n-a-l m-a-n, he v-a-u-n-t-e-t-h himself, ki yi."

This interesting catechism would probably have continued much longer had not Mr. Fix suggested that if the prisoner was really a Communist the better way of determining that fact would be to have him address the crowd that had assembled. Brother Hezekiah Tabernacle was accordingly conducted by a strong guard of Constable M'Gath's deputies to the pavement below, and, for the want of a better platform, placed on top of an empty sugar hogshead turned upside down, which was rolled out of the grocery store for that purpose.

"Speech, speech," exclaimed a number of voices.

"Let me kiss him for his mother," shouted Lanky Jones.

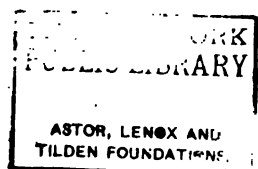
"Why, that's old Hezekiah Tabernacle. I've known him for thirty years, and there ain't a kinder hearted man in the country," said Mr. Snag, who had just arrived, addressing Justice Scales.

"He's one of them missin' links what stole my hovercoat."

Before Mr. Snag could interpose any further on his



Communistic Scare.



behalf, brother Hezekiah Tabernacle in response to the calls of the crowd now began his address:

"The s-o-n-s of B-e-l-i-a-l, they m-o-c-k the s-o-n-s of l-i-g-h-t. Y-e-a, they r-e-v-i-l-e and c-l-o-t-h-e themselves w-i-t-h t-h-u-n-d-e-r. They f-i-l-l themselves with the e-a-s-t w-i-n-d, ki yi. P-r-i-d-e goeth b-e-f-o-r-e a f-a-l-l, ki—"

At this instant the bottom of brother Hezekiah Tabernacle's platform suddenly gave way, and with a crash he disappeared within the circular walls of the immense sugar hogshead, where he remained tightly wedged and unable to rise. The suddenness of the shock created an impression among those farthest from the speaker that this was the beginning of hostilities, and Mr. Newmaine discharged an old shot-gun, whose contents fortunately passed over the heads of the crowd, but unfortunately landed in the ranks of the "Frog Eye Invincibles," without doing any particular damage, however, as the force of the shot was spent by the distance traversed. Major Bloodstone Slaughter was struck on the hand with sufficient force to break the skin, and supposing himself to be mortally wounded lay down behind the circular platform to die.

The Frog Eye Invincibles, under Captain Slasher, now opened a scattering fire in the direction of the corner grocery; but finally, being seized with a panic, fled through the fields and over the fences toward

Frog Eye, with Major Bloodstone Slaughter a good second in their rear. In less than half a minute the only occupant of the battle-ground was brother Hezekiah Tabernacle, safely ensconced within his wooden walls. By a great effort he managed to release himself and stand erect within his fortifications. The crowd had disappeared and the Committee of Safety had taken refuge within the hall of the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros."

"It's impossible to hold out against a superior force, and we had better surrender," said the Hon. Saintly Shammer.

"Constable M'Gath should carry a flag of truce, and negotiate the terms of capitulation," said Doctor Cackle.

This proposition meeting with unanimous approval, Constable M'Gath, bearing a white handkerchief upon the end of the symbolic rod of the "Sublime Order of the Royal Rhinoceros," advanced toward the occupant of the hogshead.

"What are your terms of surrender, *General* Tabernacle," said Constable M'Gath.

"Y-e-a, v-e-r-i-l-y, the w-i-c-k-e-d flee."

"Yes, I know them Frog Eye fellers run; but what do you want us to do?"

"The w-a-r h-o-r-s-e snuffeth the b-a-t-t-l-e."

"Oh yes, you want your horse and wagon and an apology for takin' it; I understand."

"The e-n-e-m-y encompasseth me r-o-u-n-d a-b-o-u-t."

"Yes, you want out of that hogshead. Is that all?"

"Y-e-a, v-e-r-i-l-y."

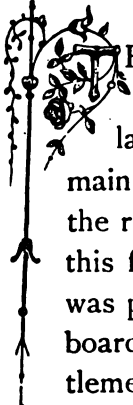
Constable M'Gath now returned, and informed the members of the Committee of Safety of the result of his conference, who were very much relieved at the mildness of the terms imposed upon them; and immediately thereafter "*General*" Hezekiah Tabernacle, seated in his wagon, received their surrender and most humble apologies, and then drove off, thereby terminating the threatened invasion and actual conquest of Briartown.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BRIARTOWN NATIONAL LOAN AND SAVINGS BUREAU—
MR. HAWKIN FLINT AS A FINANCIER—BENEFICIAL
EFFECTS OF A COLD WATER BATH.

*"My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it overrun the stew."*

SHAKESPEARE'S "MEASURE FOR MEASURE."



THE "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" was the name above the door in large, gilt letters, painted by Mr. Elegy Newmaine. The Jim Jam saloon had been removed to the rear of the building, and the front reserved for this financial institution, of which Mr. Journal Plug was president and Mr. Hawkin Flint cashier. The board of directors was composed of these two gentlemen. The capital stock was divided into two equal shares of twenty-five thousand dollars, and each director held a share. No money was to be paid in by

the stockholders; and so far as they could possibly avoid none was to be paid out. In accordance with these sound and well established principles of finance, as explained by Mr. Plug to his son, the success of this institution seemed assured. The furniture of the Bureau consisted of a few old chairs, a second-hand safe, a table, and wooden counter; all of which were bought at auction for a trifle, and repainted by Mr. Elegy Newmaine.

Mr. Hawkin Flint was a thin-lipped, hatchet-faced man, with cold, gray eyes, who had managed to fleece a great many persons who had been unfortunate enough to fall into his clutches. His manner of operating had been to sell a house, or piece of land, partly upon credit, the times of payment being specified in a written contract. To obtain this contract he would verbally promise that if the payments were not promptly made he would not press collection. Woe to the poor widow or unfortunate debtor who could not meet the written obligation, and relied upon his promises. Mr. Hawkin Flint would pounce upon his victim like a beast of prey, and the courts were instantly invoked to aid his unmastered avarice and ungovernable rapacity.

Immediately after the formation of the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" Mr. Hawkin Flint procured the publication of an editorial article in the *Porcupine Journal*, calling attention to the facilities

afforded by the Bureau for the transaction of business and especially the advantages it offered as a bank of deposit, interest being allowed at the rate of ten per cent per annum.

"We shall make our money on what comes in, and not on what goes out," said Mr. Hawkin Flint to his co-director, with a grin.

"I'm subject to them spells so much that you'll have to do the financiering," replied Mr. Plug, elevating his eyebrows.

"I don't understand how you are goin' to keep them fellers from drawin' their funds," said Mr. Ananias Plug, who had been installed as bookkeeper.

"Oh that's easy enough managed. We must adopt a rule that depositors can't withdraw their deposits until after six months' notice given us of their intention to do so," replied Mr. Flint.

"Yes; but won't they refuse to comply with such terms?"

"Why, bless your soul, no. They'll think all the better of an institution that is so cautious in protecting itself. We can tell 'em we have to loan the money on long time, and that the longer we keep it the better it is for them."

"I understand that; but when the six months is up you've got to pay, have n't you?"

"Got to pay—in six months? Well, that *is* a joke.

"We might have to pay, but you know when we lose it all by the failure of Highflyer & Grind, why of course we can't do it—and nobody else could," said Mr. Hawkin Flint, closing his left eye significantly.

"And if my health had n't been so poor I could have paid more attention to the investments, and that everybody knows," said Mr. Journal Plug; and then the two directors, duplicate stockholders, and President and Cashier of the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" laughed in chorus, while Mr. Ananias Plug gave a prolonged and peculiar whistle.

The reputation of Mr. Hawkin Flint for sharp and careful dealing induced many persons to suppose that the business of the institution with which he was connected would be conducted with prudence and success, and were induced by the rate of interest offered to deposit their funds with him, under a rule requiring six months' notice before their money could be withdrawn.

Long prior to the expiration of this period the cash received on deposit by the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" had aggregated a heavy sum. People of various occupations, and from every walk in life, had intrusted their surplus earnings to its keeping. Those who would not have loaned Mr. Journal Plug or Mr. Hawkin Flint as individuals a hundred dollars without security, when they assumed the name and style of "National Loan and Savings Bureau," unhesitatingly

gave the results of years of toil into their hands without the slightest question.

"We've got a hundred thousand dollars in cash, and in sixty days they'll be after their money," said Mr. Hawkin Flint to Mr. Journal Plug, after the "National Loan and Savings Bureau" had closed for the day.

"Well, what do you propose?" said Mr. Plug.

"I'd like to hear *your* plan."

"My health is so poor that I'm compelled to rely on your judgment entirely," said Mr. Plug.

Mr. Hawkin Flint now moved his chair a little nearer Mr. Plug, and in a lower tone remarked:

"I've got two friends who are trusty and reliable. They must at once begin business of a speculative character. We will discount their paper to the extent of seventy-five thousand dollars. In sixty days their losses will be so great that they make an assignment. This Bureau becomes embarrassed in consequence. Our assets will then consist of twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and seventy-five thousand dollars in worthless paper. A meeting of the creditors will be called and a proposition made to pay them twenty-five cents on the dollar, which is at once accepted, and the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" winds up its business seventy-five thousand dollars ahead."

"Excellent," exclaimed Mr. Plug rubbing his hands in delight.

Messrs. Highflyer & Grind, dealers in stocks and reputed to be wealthy, were considered a valuable addition to the business community of Frög Eye. They kept daily quotations on a blackboard showing the rise and fall of the principal securities dealt in by them, and it was understood that they were largely interested in the silver mines of Nevada and Colorado. The paper of the firm was paid with promptness and the house enjoyed unlimited credit, and was quoted by "Mouser's Commercial Agency A1." Especially was its standing good with the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau," for Mr. Hawkin Flint seemed anxious to discount its notes in preference to all others. The "Bank of Frog Eye" could not afford the necessary money facilities for a firm like that of Highflyer & Grind, so Mr. Flint asserted.

This remarkable liberality on the part of this gentleman will be better understood when we state that Messrs. Highflyer and Grind were relatives by blood of Mr. Flint's, and were fully instructed in the part they were to play in the contemplated "reverse in business," but the fact of their relationship was studiously concealed.

"Have you heard the news?" said Mr. Loquacious Snag, getting off of the train and addressing a group of persons who were standing at the depot.

"What is it?" they exclaimed.

"Highflyer & Grind have made an assignment,

and the 'National Loan and Savings Bureau' is a heavy loser."

"I thought them fellers was carryin' too much sail," said Mr. Slangy Sleuce, who had n't thought any thing of the kind.

"Have you heard the latest?" said Doctor Cackle, who had just arrived, apparently very much excited.

"What is that?" said Mr. Snag.

"The 'National Loan and Savings Bureau' have lost seventy-five thousand dollars by the failure of High-flyer & Grind, and have made an assignment for the benefit of creditors."

"It's a hard blow for their poor depositors, doctor," said Mr. Rapp.

"Yes, it's hard on the entire community, for 'most every body deposited with them. I understand that Mrs. Dewberry has lost every cent she had in the world, and they say there's something crooked about the management of the Bureau," said Doctor Cackle.

"I s'pose Mr. Plug must have got one of them 'ere spells of *money maniac*, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," said Mr. Fix.

"Next to gettin' their money the best thing for the depositors is to take a bottle of my 'Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark,'" said Doctor Cackle, as he cast a pugnacious glance at Mr. Sleuce, who, fortunately for the peace of the occasion, remained silent.

During the day the news of the financial disaster spread far and wide, and a great crowd of persons who had deposited their funds in the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" collected before its doors, clamorous to be paid. Vain were all the efforts of Justice Scales and Constable M'Gath to quiet the excited multitude. Mr. Journal Plug and Mr. Hawkin Flint, who had taken refuge within the building, were bitterly denounced, and it was evident that mischief was in the air. To add to the prevailing exasperation it soon became known that Highflyer and Grind had been arrested for fraud, and to protect themselves from prosecution had divulged their arrangement with Mr. Hawkin Flint.

"Tar and feathers," shouted some one in the crowd.

"Hang 'em!" yelled a dozen men in chorus.

"They've robbed the widow and the orphan, and ought to be rode on a rail to the river, and ducked," said Mr. Samson Drive, the village blacksmith, a tall man with a determined countenance.

At this suggestion a great cry of "duck 'em" at once arose, and but a moment elapsed until Mr. Journal Plug and Mr. Hawkin Flint were dragged outside the building, and hurried in the direction of the river.

"Now, gentlemen, please do n't do any thing rash. If I've been unfortunate it's all on account of my failin' health," implored Mr. Plug.

"Duck 'em!" yelled the crowd that followed close at their heels.

"For God's sake let me go, and I'll give you a dollar apiece," said Mr. Flint, seized with a sudden fit of generosity.

Heedless of this pecuniary offer the two worthies were rushed rapidly forward until they stood upon the banks of the turbid river. Tied back to back, a rope fastened around their waists was thrown over the limb of a sycamore tree that leaned far over the stream. In this way the duplicate directory of the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" could be let down or elevated at the will of those standing on the shore, who held the rope.

Splash! sounded the water, as they disappeared under the surface, and were then drawn to the top.

"For heaven's sake let me out. One of them spells is comin' on me now," sputtered Mr. Plug.

"I'll give you five dollars apiece if you'll let me go," said Mr. Hawkin Flint, in desperation.

"If you'll give up seventy-five thousand dollars you've robbed us of we'll talk about it," said Mr. Samson Drive.

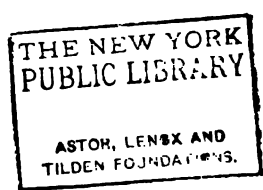
Splash! and the water again rolled over them.

"I'm dyin', gentlemen; I'm nearly gone," groaned Mr. Plug.

"Oh, Lord! I can't stand this; I'll give—"



A Cold Water Bath.



Mr. Hawkin Flint's voice was smothered as under the water they sank again, and were then drawn to the top.

"We 'll fix—it—all right," said Mr. Plug, half strangled.

"You can have the money—oh, I 'm a dead man," almost screamed Mr. Flint, in his agony at being compelled to disgorge.

"Pull 'em ashore, men; they 've got their just dues, and we 'll get ours," said Mr. Drive.

Mr. Journal Plug and Mr. Hawkin Flint were now drawn out of the water, untied, and marched back to the building occupied by the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau," flanked by the excited crowd.

"Where is the money, Mr. Flint?" demanded Mr. Drive.

"You 'll find it in a secret drawer, opened by a spring, in the bottom of the safe," said Mr. Flint, who was trembling from head to foot.

"My health was so poor I left every thing to him," whimpered Mr. Plug.

An examination of the safe revealed the hidden treasure, which was subsequently turned over to the assignee for the benefit of creditors; and Mr. Plug and Mr. Flint were taken before Justice Scales, charged with a conspiracy to defraud. Shortly afterward Mr. Plug, through the interposition of friends, was pronounced

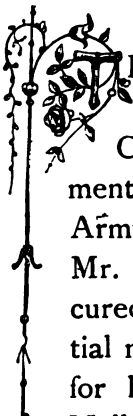
insane, and escaped imprisonment; while Mr. Flint, who forfeited his recognizance, disappeared. The affairs of the "Briartown National Loan and Savings Bureau" were subsequently wound up, entailing but little loss upon its creditors, who yet recount with interest the enforced immersion of its president and cashier.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. SOCRATES SNIPE IS ELECTED TO CONGRESS AND DOCTOR CACKLE APPLIES FOR AN OFFICE—DOCTOR HEAVES RECEIVES AN APPOINTMENT—MR. SNIPE'S REMARKABLE LETTER AND DOCTOR CACKLE'S REVENGE.

*"Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench,
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With, thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends."*

SHAKESPEARE'S "RICHARD II."



THE election for congressmen having resulted in favor of Mr. Socrates Snipe, Doctor Cackle made known his desire for an appointment as Veterinary Surgeon of the United States Army. This lucrative position was one which Mr. Snipe could secure. The doctor had procured a number of recommendations from influential members of the Radical party, which vouched for his ability, integrity, and experience. Mr. Mellow had known him from childhood; Mr. Casky had known him from boyhood; Mr. Cruet had known

him to be a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, an indulgent parent, a faithful friend, a public-spirited citizen, an eminent physician, and a zealous Radical. Mr. Snipe informed the doctor that it was not necessary for him to procure any additional letters, and that upon his arrival in Washington he would file his application and accompanying papers with the proper department, favorably indorsed by himself, and also personally urge his appointment.

On the day of Mr. Snipe's departure to take his seat in the National Assembly Doctor Cackle, having procured a carriage and the Briartown Brass Band, escorted him with great pomp to the train, while Mr. Snipe with uncovered head smiled blandly upon his admirers.

"Snipe is a splendid fellow and an honor to his constituents," said Doctor Cackle, as the cars moved rapidly away.

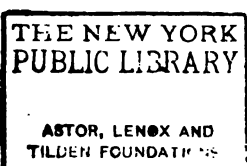
"I'm a little disappointed in him, doctor, since he promised old Lizard a position on the "Board of Universal Enlightenment," said Mr. Rapp.

"What's a Valetudinarian Surgeon, anyhow, I'd like to know?" said Mr. Slangy Sleuce, addressing Mr. Drive.

"He's the feller that doctors them congressmen and their hosses for nothin', and charges it to the government," replied Mr. Drive.



The Political Triumph.



"Well, Mr. Rapp, Snipe can't get every body an office, and I don't suppose I would have secured the position of Veterinary Surgeon were it not for my great reputation as proprietor of the celebrated 'Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark,'" and Doctor Cackle's countenance beamed with the satisfaction of one whose future is assured.

"I think, doctor, that you'll find Mr. Snipe a little unreliable before you get through with him. Why, just before the election he sent word for me to come to his house, and when I went there he pledged his honor, most solemnly, that if I would secure a certain influence for him he would obtain my appointment on the 'Board of Universal Enlightenment,' and I did; but I found out soon after that he had promised the same place to old Lizard, so don't be too sanguine over Mr. Snipe's pledges."

Several weeks after the departure of the Hon. Socrates Snipe for Washington Doctor Cackle first heard an ominous rumor that Doctor Tweezer Heaves, of Frog Eye, was an applicant for the position which he had so ardently desired. Without delay he at once addressed a letter to the Honorable Socrates Snipe, containing the alarming intelligence, and urging prompt intervention on his behalf. Within a few days thereafter he received the following answer:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
Washington, April 1, 1873. }

MY DEAR SIR:—In regard to the matter of which you write I have filed your letters and application with the Secretary of State, but inasmuch as there has been no appropriation made by Congress to defray the expenses of his department, the Secretary informs me that the appointment will not be made at present. In regard to Doctor Tweezer Heaves, the Secretary has formed a very favorable opinion of him, and if he desires the position I do not see how I can oppose him. Would you not be willing to accept another place? I am not aware of any vacancy existing, and I believe our State already has more than its quota of appointments, but if you know of any place let me know. I would not offer you any thing that I did not consider commensurate with your great abilities.

Yours truly, SOCRATES SNIPE.

TO DOCTOR VERMIFUGE CACKLE.

On receipt of this communication Doctor Cackle was very much enraged, and his excitement was not in the least allayed when in the next issue of the *Porcupine Journal* he read an announcement of the appointment of Doctor Tweezer Heaves to the much coveted position, and also of the fact that the Hon. Socrates Snipe had telegraphed from Washington his congratulations, and the information that through his influence the nomination of Doctor Heaves had been confirmed by the Senate without, as was usual, being first referred to a committee.

"Well, Doctor Cackle, what do you think now of your friend Snipe? Did n't I tell you he was unreliable?" said Mr. Rapp.

"What do I think? I think I would n't believe him under oath if the amount involved was a picayune, and I shall write to the Secretary of State to return me my application and the letters of recommendation sent him on my behalf," replied the irate gentleman.

Accordingly Doctor Cackle addressed a communication to the Secretary of State requesting the withdrawal of his recommendations, but was immediately afterwards informed by that officer that only certified copies of papers filed in his office could be furnished under its rules, and that as no such letters as he described had ever been referred to him, or his department, it would be impossible to furnish either originals or copies. The doctor then wrote a letter to the head of each department of the Government in Washington inquiring for his papers, and received in each instance a reply that no such documents had ever been presented or filed on his behalf by the *Honorable* Mr. Snipe. On receipt of these official statements Doctor Cackle had them and the letter of Mr. Snipe conspicuously framed together, and hung in his office, and a short time prior to the next election of congressmen, when Mr. Snipe was again a candidate, printed copies were distributed to each voter in the district. When

the ballots were subsequently counted it was ascertained that the Hon. Socrates Snipe had been elected by a large majority—to remain at home.

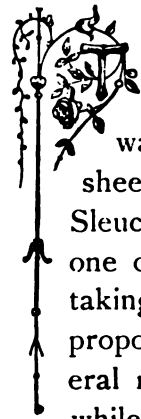
As an awful example to politicians of the slippery persuasion we insert this incident of Doctor Cackle's remarkable career.

CHAPTER XV

THE WOLVERINE ANIMAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OBTAINS
A RISK—INCURS A LOSS—AND DECLINES A PAYMENT—MR.
SLANGY SLEUCE OBTAINS AN "OPINION" AND MR. CON-
STANT DRILL DISTRIBUTES A "CIRCULAR."

*"I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
Baited with reason not unplausible,
Wind me into the easy-hearted man,
And hug him into snares."*

MILTON'S "COMUS."



HE "Wolverine Animal Life Insurance Com-
pany," by its agent, Mr. Loquacious Snag,
was engaged in taking risks upon horses, cattle,
sheep and hogs. The wonderful vitality of Mr.
Sleuce's "plug" had not escaped attention, and on
one occasion Mr. Snag suggested the propriety of
taking out a policy of insurance on his life. To this
proposal Mr. Sleuce at first objected, but the gen-
eral manager of the company, Mr. Constant Drill,
while on a tour of inspection, sought an interview
with the owner of the famous horse, and finally per-
suaded him to insure.

"What do you consider the animal worth, Mr. Sleuce?" inquired Mr. Drill.

"Well, sir, that hoss is worth a good deal of money. He's a blooded animal through and through. He's tough as whalebone, lively as a kitten, a little *ardent* in his disposition, but can stand as much as a mule. If that hoss was n't *quite* so ambitious I would n't sell him for a thousand dollars. He can kick higher, jump further, and stand straighter than any animal I ever knowed."

"He's certainly a very remarkable animal from all the accounts I have heard; but what are those large lumps on his pastern, Mr. Sleuce?" said Mr. Constant Drill, as he stooped down, at what he supposed to be a safe distance, to inspect the protuberances.

"Them 'ere is where he got rubbed, I should think," said Mr. Sleuce, as he walked around the "plug" with an inquiring expression upon his face.

"They look a little like wind-galls to me," and Mr. Drill approached somewhat nearer.

"Look out there!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Sleuce.

Before Mr. Constant Drill could look anywhere, the "plug" let drive at him with both hind feet, barely missing his head and knocking his elegant silk hat high in the air.

"Did n't I tell you he was a little bit *lively* in his disposition?"



Taking a Risk.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"I—I believe you did say something of that kind," and Mr. Drill surveyed in dismay the indentations of two iron-shod hoofs on his hat.

"What causes that peculiar appearance between his ears," resumed Mr. Drill, as he walked around in front of the animal.

"He rubs his head agin the rack sometimes," said Mr. Sleuce in an abstracted manner.

"It resembles the appearance of—poll-evil," said Mr. Drill, straining his vision, but afraid to approach nearer.

"Be careful there. Don't you go any closer. When that hoss throws back his ears and moves his tail in that way, he's a notion to turn a summerset, and he's just as likely to light on top of one thing as another."

"I think I've made a sufficient examination. How old is he, Mr. Sleuce?"

"Well I *know* he's past five, but just exactly his age to a day I'll never tell you; but you can look at his mouth, and decide for yourself."

"No, I—I guess it's not necessary. At how much do you value him?"

"Well, I've never been offered a thousand dollars, but if I was I'd take *that* for him."

"We can't write a full risk, Mr. Sleuce; but I'll issue a policy for five hundred dollars, and you can just sign this application and fill out the answers."

Mr. Constant Drill now produced a blank form of an application for insurance, the top of which was ornamented with the likeness of a dead horse, around which had assembled a widow and several small children apparently frantic with grief, and underneath the picture were printed the words "he was not insured." The questions were numerous, and related to pedigree, longevity, disposition, soundness, previous illness, and value. The replies of Mr. Sleuce proving satisfactory. Mr. Constant Drill delivered a policy, received a premium, and took his leave.

"The hoss broke his neck somehow, and I found him dead in the stable this mornin'. He's been practicing a new kind of handspring, and I reckon it killed him," said Mr. Sleuce, addressing Mr. Snag, a few months after he had received his policy in the "Wolverine Animal Life Insurance Company."

"Just make out your proofs of the loss, Mr. Sleuce, and I'll forward it to the home office," replied Mr. Snag. Shortly after this direction had been complied with a letter was received from Mr. Constant Drill announcing his intention to resist the payment of the policy, on the ground of misrepresentation and overvaluation. He wrote that the Company had sufficient evidence to show the following facts:

"That the animal was unsound at the date of insurance, and was then suffering from wind-galls and poll-

evil, ring-bone and spavin; and that its actual value was not over ten dollars..

“That instead of being a blooded horse its ancestors, both sire and dam, were the commonest kind of pennyroyal.

“That the stock was not famous for longevity, but usually died at an early age.

“That the horse was not of an *ardent* temperament simply as represented, but the possessor of a fiendish nature, abnormally depraved, and ‘fatally bent on mischief.’

“That the animal was notoriously unhealthy, and had been treated repeatedly for colic, heaves, botts, glanders, and epizootic.

“That the Company, as a matter of compromise entirely, to avoid litigation, would pay Mr. Sleuce the sum of ten dollars in full of all claims and demands whatsoever.”

This proposition of settlement Mr. Sleuce rejected with disdain. He informed Mr. Snag that he would have “the last cent or not a dollar.” On receipt of this response to his overtures Mr. Constant Drill again wrote, and stated:

“That the Company had in the first place resisted payment on the ground of honest mistake, but they were now convinced that there was something myste-

rious in the death of the late lamented 'plug.' Their grounds for this belief were:

"*First*—That he had not died previous to his insurance.

"*Second*—That he was worth more dead than alive.

"*Third*—The owner demanded payment in a manner that indicated his desire to obtain the money."

Mr. Sleuce on the receipt of this further statement announced his intention of consulting Messrs. Blather & Tag, a leading firm of attorneys in the city, who subsequently sent him a written "opinion," accompanied by a bill of one hundred dollars for their professional services, marked, "collect on delivery." Mr. Sleuce, after much difficulty, obtained the money and received the "opinion." It recited the supposed facts of the case, and after referring to numerous decisions and celebrated causes expressed the belief that Mr. Sleuce's claim was based upon foundations as sure and certain as the everlasting hills, "whose vast walls have pinnaled in clouds their snowy scalps, and throned eternity in icy halls of cold sublimity."

"It's perfectly preposterous for them fellers to think that a hoss whose nateral disposition was *lively* could stand on his head *every* mornin' for exercise without disj'intin' his neck," said Mr. Sleuce to Mr. Loquacious Snag, immediately after he had returned home from

instituting a suit upon his policy of insurance against the "Wolverine Animal Life Insurance Company."

"Here's a circular that will interest you, Mr. Sleuce," said Mr. Snag, handing the former a printed paper.

As Mr. Sleuce glanced over this missive the perspiration covered his face, and his eyes enlarged to twice their ordinary size. He read:

"CIRCULAR.

"The Directors of the 'Wolverine Animal Life Insurance Company' regret to announce that in consequence of the great depression of business, and the Company's unprecedented losses, they are compelled to suspend business for the present.

"They regret further to announce that owing to an extraordinary and herculean effort to retrieve its disasters the Company has exhausted its entire resources, and can not extend any reasonable assurance of its ability to refund any portion of the premiums paid.

"CONSTANT DRILL, *General Manager.*"

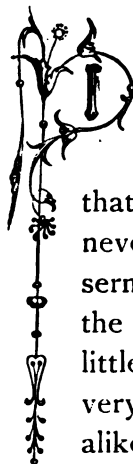
After reading this circular Mr. Sleuce, without saying a word, crumpled it in hand, threw it savagely on the floor, and with lengthy strides sought the consoling atmosphere of the Jim Jam saloon.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL—REV. JACKSON HIGHLOW'S AR-
RAIGNMENT—MRS. NEWMANE AS A WITNESS—UNFOR-
TUNATE LOSS OF THE REV. PURSY PERSIMMONS.

*"Such vast impressions did his sermons make
He always kept his flock awake."*

DOCTOR WOLCOTT'S "PETER PINDAR."

 FEEL sorry for Mr. Highlow. I think he has been a faithful minister, and discharged his duties well. He has been preaching in that church for nearly twenty years, and I've never heard him say any thing doctrinal in his sermons that was n't to be found *somewhere* in the Bible. He never did lay particular stress on little children bein' damned; and yet he was n't very sanguine about every body, good and bad alike, bein' treated just the same after they are dead," said Mr. Lasher Rapp, in the presence of a number of persons in the grocery store, who were dis-

cussing the pending ecclesiastical trial of the Rev. Jackson Highlow.

"Who 's on the committee, and what 's the charge agin him?" inquired Mr. Drive.

"Well, they've got the Rev. Pursy Persimmons, Rev. Castiron Bronze, and that young parson, Grace, on the committee, and a fellow whose name is Common Fame is conductin' the case. It's all in the paper here," said Mr. Loquacious Snag, picking up the *Porcupine Journal*, and reading as follows:

"ECCLESIASTICAL COUNCIL.

"The Council to consider the case of Common Fame vs. the Rev. Jackson Highlow met yesterday, and the following charge and specifications were received and read:

"CHARGE: *Unministerial conduct.*

"*Specification 1.*—Common Fame alleges that the Rev. Jackson Highlow, a married man, did, on or about the year 1872, accompany one Ann Elize Dewberry, a widow of many attractive and personal charms, alone from the Public-school building in Briartown to her house after 10 o'clock at night, the said Ann Elize Dewberry being partially supported on the arm of the said Rev. Jackson Highlow, and being addressed in affectionate terms by him as follows: 'Cheer up, my *dear* woman; though man doth revile we must *love* one another.'

"*Specification 2.*—Common Fame alleges that the Rev. Jackson Highlow did, on or about the year 1872, use the following profane and unscriptural language towards the Hon. Sainly Shammer, at the Public-school building in Briartown: 'Confound your shirt,' to the great scandal of the Church, and detriment of the public morals.

"Specification 3.—Common Fame alleges that the Rev. Jackson Highlow did, on or about the year 1872, enter into an agreement and conspiracy with one Doctor Vermifuge Cackle to enhance the value of a nostrum known as the 'Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark,' at the expense of a rival curative elixir manufactured by one Slangy Sleuce, described by the proprietor thereof as 'cholera medicine;' and in pursuance of said agreement and conspiracy did use of and concerning an accident which befel the said proprietor the following language: 'It's entirely providential, and a judgment on him for leading astray the youth of this land,' to the great injury of his ministerial calling.

"Specification 4.—Common Fame alleges that the Rev. Jackson Highlow did, on or about the year 1872, on the occasion of a balloon ascension, under the auspices of the 'Briartown Evolving Molecular Conservation of Forces Society,' irreverently refer to said balloon 'as the devil floating in the sky,' to the great disgrace of the clerical profession, and the hindrance of science.

"Specification 5.—Common Fame alleges that the Rev. Jackson Highlow did, on or about the year 1872, while in attendance at the silver wedding of one Doctor Vermifuge Cackle, of Briartown, encourage, by his presence, theatricals and dancing, in utter disregard of the 999th subdivision of the canonical requirements, and to the subversion of social order.

"To this charge and the specifications the reverend defendant pleaded 'not guilty,' and the Council adjourned until tomorrow."

When Mr. Snag had concluded reading the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Council he laid down the paper, and said:

"They'll convict Mr. Highlow unless we stand by

him; and I propose that we all go there to-morrow, and do what we can in his favor."

This suggestion met with a hearty reception; and Mr. Rapp stated that the Rev. Pursy Persimmons was exceedingly jealous of the Rev. Jackson Highlow on account of his large congregation, the size of which he attributed entirely to the relaxation of doctrine and discipline on the part of the latter.

"If that 'ere committee engaged in tryin' him would clean up their *own* premises perhaps they would n't have time to look up the litter in *his* back yard," remarked Mr. Fix.

"I do n't think any more of Mr. Bronze than I do of Mr. Persimmons, for he is opposed to a choir and an organ, and wants Deacon Piper, who can be heard for a mile, to lead all the singin'; and when the Church folks attend a nice party the next Sunday he'll preach on sinful amusements—and a grave-yard is cheerful compared to him," said Doctor Cackle, who was very indignant at the reference made to him in the specifications.

"That 'ere Mr. Persimmons attended Ike Grubbs when he was hung last Summer for murder. The poor chap who was killed left a widow and six little children, with nobody to care a cent for 'em. Persimmons did nothin' for them, but was always a callin' and prayin' 'round Grubbs; and after the feller was hung he told

'em how certain he was that he'd gone straight to heaven; but he never said nothin' about him what was murdered, or his widow and six little orphans, nor asked folks to help 'em; and I'm not takin' much stock in Mr. Persimmons, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee."

"That young preacher Grace is the best of the lot, though perhaps that's not sayin' much for him. According to the rules of the council all three of the committee must agree before they can find the accused guilty, and if Mr. Grace will only hold out, Mr. Highlow can possibly beat 'em, so do n't fail to go over to-morrow," said Mr. Lasher Rapp, as he arose to take his departure.

The next day after this conversation occurred the largest church in Frog Eye was filled with those persons who were desirous of hearing the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Council, among whom were a great number of the Rev. Jackson Highlow's sympathizing friends from Briartown.

Many were the expressions of confidence exhibited toward him. Mrs. Dewberry had arranged a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she presented him in person. Doctor Cackle placed prominently on his desk a mammoth bottle of the "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark." Mr. Snag presented him the manuscript of an unpublished poem expressive of his feelings, and

Mr. Lasher Rapp declared that he was forcibly reminded, by this investigation, of "that celebrated event in the life of Julius Cæsar, when he and Warren Hastings were tried before the British Parliament."

The prosecution against the Rev. Jackson Highlow was based upon the testimony of two witnesses—Lanky Jones and Mrs. Elegy Newmaine. The statement of the former was first taken, which was—that having gone to sleep on the steps of Mrs. Dewberry's residence he was aroused by the expressions of endearment set forth in the first specification. Mrs. Newmaine was the next one to be heard. She knew nothing of the facts save what had been told her, but she had n't any reason to doubt that the accused pastor was guilty.

"I have no wish to sit here and listen to all the chimney-corner gossip of the neighborhood," said Mr. Grace, with emphasis.

"I think the witness should repeat *all* that any one has told her, for that constitutes common fame," said Mr. Persimmons.

"Only so much of it should be heard as refers to the specifications," said Mr. Castiron Bronze.

"May be Mr. Highlow's been a comparin' somebody to a biled owl what never drinks nothin', or has been engagin' in a secular callin' such as the rentin' of houses, and you ought to hear all about *that*, ought n't you?" exclaimed Mr. Fix, who had taken a seat near the table

around which the Ecclesiastical Council and the witnesses were sitting.

"O you villain! Won't some gentleman protect me from this scoundrel's insults? What! nobody interferes? Has the age of chivalry departed? Then I'll protect myself," and Mrs. Newmaine sprang up suddenly, upsetting the table and spilling the contents of an ink-bottle upon the shirt-bosom of the Rev. Pursy Persimmons.

"I was just a makin' them suggestions *agin* him, was n't I?" exclaimed Mr. Fix, as he retreated down the church aisle to escape Mrs. Newmaine's infuriated grasp.

"Brethren, I can never consent to finding brother Highlow guilty on such evidence as this, and I move we adjourn," said Mr. Grace, with indignation in his voice.

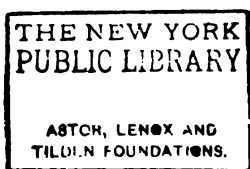
"I think the verdict had better be, 'not proved,'" said the Rev. Castiron Bronze.

"And caution the accused to be a little more *doctrinal* in his sermons hereafter," said the Rev. Pursy Persimmons.

"And to encourage *psalm singing* in the Lord's congregation," added Mr. Bronze.

"Brethren, my judgment is that brother Highlow is 'not guilty,'" remarked Mr. Grace, as he signed his name to a verdict which he had just written.

"I'll sign *that*, and then add just below it, 'not proved,'" said Mr. Castiron Bronze.



"And then I'll sign them both, and add underneath that the accused is fraternally cautioned to preach on the doctrines and the discipline of the Church," said Mr. Persimmons.

This was accordingly done, and a verdict was finally made by the Ecclesiastical Council as follows :

"VERDICT.

"In the matter of Common Fame *vs.* Rev. Jackson High-
low we find the accused 'not guilty.'

GRACE,
" PERSIMMONS,
" BRONZE."

"Charge and specifications 'not proved.'

" BRONZE,
" PERSIMMONS."

"The accused is affectionately enjoined to preach the doctrines and discipline of the Church.

PERSIMMONS."

"The accused brother, it is hoped, will, in the future, encourage the singing of psalms.

BRONZE."

Immediately after this verdict was announced Mrs. Newmaine indignantly demanded of the Rev. Popsy Persimmons her witness fees.

"Your witness fees!" exclaimed he, in surprise.

"Yes, my *witness* fees. Do you suppose I'm coming over here to be abused and insulted, and not get my fees? You told me last Sunday that I'd receive a

reward for my work, and now you can give me four dollars, or I'll keep these books for its payment," and Mrs. Newmaine at once seized the Church records that lay on the table.

"But, my *dear* sister Newmaine—" began Mr. Persimmons, in an expostulating tone.

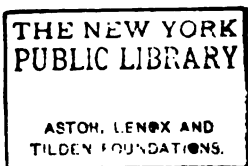
"That 'ere language is worser than Mr. Highlow remarked to Mrs. Dewberry, and Mr. Persimmons ought to be churched, as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," exclaimed Mr. Fix.

"*You're* the biggest scoundrel in the State," exclaimed Mrs. Newmaine, turning towards Mr. Fix, and in her rage forgetting for the moment the books which she had just appropriated.

Taking advantage of this favorable opportunity the Rev. Pursy Persimmons at once seized the records, and rushed for the door; but just as he supposed himself secure Mrs. Newmaine, who had hotly pursued him, made a clutch for his coat, and seizing the tails of that garment unfortunately tore them both off. Slam! went the door in her face as she flourished her trophies aloft, and then, amid confusion and laughter, the audience dispersed, and the Ecclesiastical Council adjourned.



A Theological Pursuit.



CHAPTER XVII.

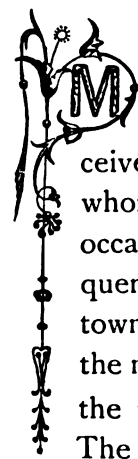
MR. LYMAN PEEK'S "PROPOSAL" AND DEPLORABLE END—MRS. DEWBERRY'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE—THE CONTESTING RIVALS—MRS. DEWBERRY'S MARRIAGE—MISS ANGELICA SNAP SEEKS REPOSE IN A NUNNERY.

*"Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever read by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."*

SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

*"We can not fight for love as men may do,
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo."*

1B.

RS. DEWBERRY, during her attendance at the trial of the Rev. Jackson Highlow, received particular attention from Mr. Lyman Peek, whom she had met, as previously related, on the occasion of Doctor Cackle's silver wedding. Frequent had been the visits of Mr. Peek to Briar-town since that eventful evening, and many were the neighborhood surmises that another object than the pursuit of his profession brought him thither. The inscription made by him upon her fan was often quoted as showing conclusively his opinion of the

fascinating widow. The lady herself, with a pleased expression, frequently read the compliment, for the flame of love that had burned so brightly during the life of the lamented Mr. Dewberry, and which after his decease had died out until its embers were covered with the ashes of desolation, again threatened to burst forth with renewed if not redoubled energy. Her recollections of the dear departed were still undimmed, but the impression made by Mr. Lyman Peek was too vivid for her susceptible nature to resist.

Though greatly enamored of the charming lady Mr. Lyman Peek was apparently unconscious of the fact that a widow's heart is oftenest "won by brisk attempt and putting on," and for a long time hesitated to declare his passion. After her return from Frog Eye he finally mustered sufficient courage to send the object of his affection the following note:

"FROG EYE, MAY 4, 1873.

"Idol of my existence and treasure of my soul:

"Blue are the skies and bright the stars; softly the zephyrs play, and sweetly sings the rippling water—but I am sad without thee. The beams of thine azure orbs, the sweetness of thy balmy breath, and the intoxicating music of thy angelic voice forever haunt me. Wilt thou be mine? I tremble, and I hope. Upon your answer hangs my fate for weal or woe.

"Yours in agony,

LYMAN PEEK."

When the fair widow received this love-laden missive she took down a photograph of the departed Dew-

berry from its place above the mantel, and gazed intently upon its features. Then bursting into tears she exclaimed: "Dear, good soul that he was; he had his life insured, and it was so considerate in him, for *if* a poor, lone widow concludes to marry a life insurance policy always improves her chances amazin'." Then replacing the picture she sat down to a table, and wrote two letters. The first communication was intended for Mr. Lyman Peek, and the second for Mrs. Elegy Newmaine. This last was in reference to certain offensive remarks made by Mrs. Newmaine during the trial of the Rev. Jackson Highlow, and was as follows:

"BRIARTOWN, MAY 6, 1873.

"To one whom I detest:

"My only answer to your insults is my contempt. If Mr. Dewberry was alive you would not dare to lacerate my widowed bosom. Henceforth we meet as strangers.

"ANN ELIZE DEWBERRY."

The letter addressed to Mr. Lyman Peek was in these words:

"BRIARTOWN, MAY 6, 1873.

"To my best friend:

"Your doubts of me have filled my heart with sorrow. I am yours forever. ANN ELIZE."

Folding these epistles, and placing each in an envelope, they were then sealed and addressed; but in consequence of Mrs. Dewberry's agitation the note

intended for Mrs. Elegy Newmaine was sent to Mr. Lyman Peek, and the one for him was mailed to the former personage. When the gentleman received what he supposed to be an insulting response to his proposal he was at first very much distressed, then mortified at what he deemed his own stupidity; but finally becoming enraged at conduct which seemed to be an exhibition of feminine duplicity he determined to offer his heart and hand to Miss Angelica Snap, who had previously, as he thought, exhibited a preference for him. The next issue of the *Porcupine Journal* contained an announcement that cards of invitation were out for the wedding of Miss Angelica Snap and Mr. Lyman Peek on the following Thursday evening.

Time passed wearily with Mrs. Dewberry when an entire week had come and gone and no tidings were received from her supposed affianced. Imagining that he must be ill she determined to seek an interview at once. "Perhaps at this moment," thought she, "he lies helpless, and needs the sympathizing ministrations of my loving heart." Occupied with such reflections she did not observe the approach of Mrs. Anthony Scales until that lady stood before her, and exclaimed:

"La, Mrs. Dewberry, have you heard the news? Mr. Lyman Peek and Miss Angelica Snap are to be married next Thursday evening in the Rev. Jackson Highlow's Church at Frog Eye."

Mrs. Dewberry heard no more. Pale as death she fell back into a chair. Her eyes became glazed. Her head leaned heavily upon her bosom. Her arms hung lifelessly by her side. Mrs. Scales hastily sought to revive her, but, alas! her efforts were all in vain. Can it be that Mrs. Dewberry's heart has broken? The sad intelligence spread rapidly, and was at once conveyed to Doctor Cackle, Mr. Lyman Peek, and the Rev. Jackson Highlow by a special messenger. Each of these gentlemen hastened to the scene. All that was mortal of Mrs. Dewberry reclined upon a pallet. Doctor Cackle arriving first prescribed the "Compound Extract Effusion of Albino Bark" without avail. He shook his head. "She may survive a few hours longer," he said, "but death will close the scene."

The grief of Mr. Lyman Peek was agonizing beyond description. Constantly he exclaimed: "*I* am not to blame; her letter to me was addressed, 'to one whom I detest;' how could I know she loved me?" Bending over the prostrate form he imprinted a kiss upon her marble forehead. Shade of Methuselah! The effect was instantaneous. Mrs. Dewberry suddenly sprang to an upright position, and seizing Mr. Lyman Peek in her arms waltzed him frantically around the room.

"Cruel woman, what meant your letter sent to me addressed, 'to one whom I detest?'" inquired Mr. Peek.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the widow, clasping him still tighter, "this explains it all; the letter I intended for Mrs. Newmaine by mistake was sent to you," and then she again waltzed Mr. Peek up and down the apartment, in the exuberance of her joy.

"Hold on, my dear Mrs. Dewberry, hold on," exclaimed Mr. Peek, in an effort to restrain her fond embrace.

"That 'ere is just what she's a doin', as sure as my grandfather's name was Oxtobee," remarked Mr. Fix, apparently delighted with the situation.

"I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, to pine on the stem," hysterically sobbed the widow, repeating the words of a sentimental ballad, and accompanying her language with another spasmodic performance that nearly jerked the life out of Mr. Lyman Peek.

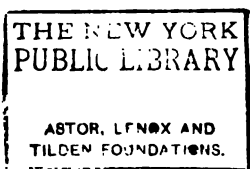
"If she desires it our marriage ceremony had better be performed at once," said Mr. Peek, becoming very much alarmed at the widow's violent demonstrations.

"Come rest on this bosom, my own stricken deer; though the herd have fled from thee thy home is still here," murmured the widow, repeating a poetical effusion.

Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Lyman Peek a messenger was immediately dispatched for the necessary legal permission, but before his return with the license



A Destroying Angel.



Miss Angelica Snap, having heard of the contemplated nuptials, made an angry appearance, and seizing Mr. Peek by the collar denounced him bitterly as a perjured villain and a base dissembler. This attack was the signal for a furious combat between the two excited females, during which Mr. Lyman Peek "stood not upon the order of his going," but went at once, and was never heard of more until some years afterward, when workmen engaged in removing an old chest from the garret of the building that had been occupied by the *Porcupine Journal* discovered a skeleton concealed therein, holding in its right hand a gray goose-quill, and in its left a pair of scissors, while upon its skull rested comfortably a "stove-pipe" hat. In the frenzy of despair Mr. Lyman Peek had "burst the ties that bound him to the world," and for fear that his identity might be mistaken had scrawled upon the chest's inclosing lid these words: "*I am not Ginevra.*"

After the flight of Mr. Lyman Peek the feminine belligerents were separated by the Rev. Jackson Highlow, but not until they had succeeded in destroying the larger portion of each other's apparel. Mrs. Ann Elize Dewberry, a short time thereafter, was married to Mr. Ananias Plug, having dried her tears and forgotten her grief; and we are informed the current of her young life has since run smoothly. Miss

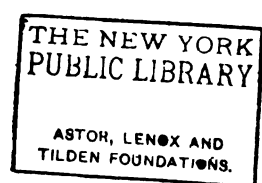
Angelica Snap was inconsolable, and sought refuge in a nunnery, where she still remains—

“Sick of this false world, and loving naught
But even the mere necessities upon it.”

The *Porcupine Journal* passed under the control of Professor Junius Bump, and ceased to exist by being consolidated with the *Phrenological Organ*.



A Deplorable End.



CHAPTER XVIII.

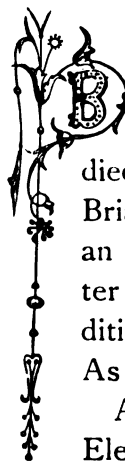
EXTRAORDINARY SCENES OF TURMOIL—A FAMILY COUNCIL AND ITS CONCLUSION—TERMINATION OF OUR SOJOURN IN BRIARTOWN.

*"What's the business
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleeper of the house?—speak, speak."*

SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH."

*"Let us depart! the universal sun
Confines not to one land his blessed beams;
Nor is man rooted like a tree, whose seed
The winds on some uncongenial soil have cast,
There, where it can not prosper."*

SOUTHEY'S "MADOC."



BEFORE the excitement resulting from the events narrated in the preceding chapter had died away there were a series of occurrences in Briartown that threw the entire community into an uproar. Rumors that others of a like character were impending were in circulation, and a condition of feverishness existed without a parallel. As for example:

An application for divorce was filed by Mrs. Elegy Newmaine, on the ground of bigamy, and the great historical painter for the Swiss government

deemed it advisable to travel once more in foreign lands.

Mr. Slangy Sleuce, in a fit of *delirium tremens*, superinduced by too frequent doses of cholera medicine, fell down the cellar steps of the Jim Jam saloon, while fighting imaginary foes, and dislocated his neck.

The Hon. Saintly Shammer, while in the midst of a grand peroration in the celebrated case of Gull *vs.* Sharp, was struck on the head with a spittoon by one of the litigants, and seriously injured.

Mr. Lasher Rapp was dismissed from the Briartown Public-school by a new board of trustees on account of his peculiar method of punishment, in consequence of which Mr. Rapp and his friends had barricaded the building, and threatened to annihilate his successor.

Professor Junius Bump caused a suit for damages to be instituted against Doctor Vermifuge Cackle for malpractice in having furnished him on the night of his famous lecture on the "missing links," under the plea of medicinal use, an article described in the petition as "a villainous compound that deprived him of reason, injured his reputation, and impaired his usefulness."

A few days prior to the expiration of the year for which we had rented Mr. Journal Plug's "elegant premises" a family council was held, at which the possibility of surviving another twelve months of such experiences as we had undergone was fully discussed. The conclu-



A Family Council.

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sion was unanimous that although the warm weather was rapidly approaching it was far better to seek repose in the city than to undergo a further strain incident to a life of such unusual and extraordinary character. The children, it is true, had grown fat and hearty, but the rest of the family were thin and worn. Even Mr. Fix and Bridget were anxious for a change; and so one bright morning in June our furniture was again packed into wagons, and removed to our old home; and the same day we bade good-bye to all, and terminated our sojourn of—

One Year in Briartown.



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